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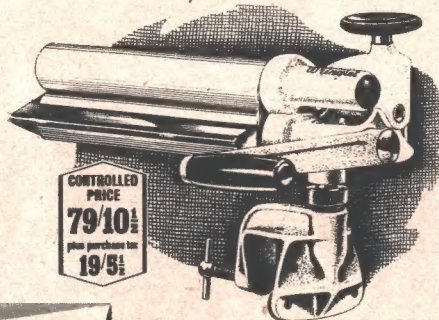
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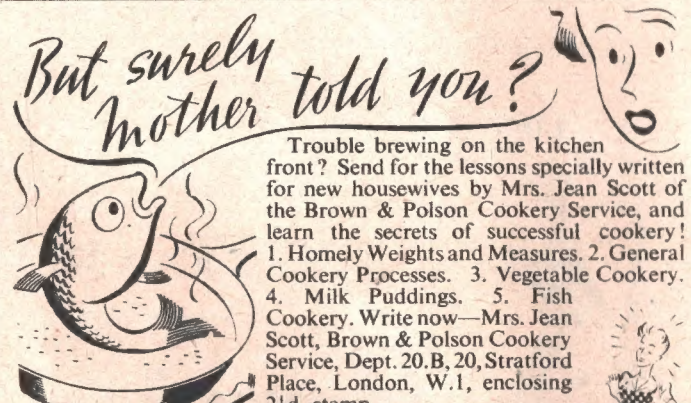
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# A CHANCE TO CHAIN THE ATOM

by **THE EDITOR**

**T**HE MIGHTY AND MENACING Atom makes headlines again.

The atom bomb test at Bikini, in the Pacific—the international conference convened at Oxford this weekend by the British Association of Atomic Scientists—these are reminders that the atom is always with us, and will remain the most threatening problem of our age until it is finally and securely harnessed.

Meanwhile, America has made an important contribution to progress by producing the Baruch plan for the international control of atomic energy.

The plan proposes the handing over of all secrets, including those of the bomb, to an Atomic Development Authority, with full powers to control the essential raw materials, and to deal swiftly and vigorously with unauthorized atomic activities in any part of the world.

There are some Americans who describe this as "stupid" and protest against the very idea of releasing to others "the priceless secret which belongs to us" (completely ignoring Britain's part in the bomb). These Americans are as ignorant and backward as their fellow-countrymen have proved wise and far-sighted. They do not seem to realize that the whole future of our civilization may depend on the effective control of atomic power.

They should ask the men at Bikini to tell them what the bomb really means.

The Baruch plan presents the world with a great opportunity to establish full control over all atomic processes, so that they shall be used for the benefit and not for the destruction of mankind. It is an opportunity that must not be lost, even if it involves the surrender by proud nations of some of their much-vaunted but useless sovereignty.

## HEROIC RUSSIA

**J**UST FIVE YEARS AGO this week, the German armies, after storming across eastern Poland, were entering Russia proper, and the long agony of the U.S.S.R. had begun.

In this country many people were saying: "The Russians can't last three weeks."

In 1941 the Nazi legions did indeed seem invincible. Had they not flattened Poland, France, Belgium

and Holland, and flung the British off the Continent into both the Channel and the Mediterranean?

So the world waited in spellbound horror for a repetition of these debacles on a vaster scale.

But Russia absorbed the Hitlerian onslaught as she had absorbed the Napoleonic onslaught in 1812. In the next four years, at frightful cost, she saved the world and herself.

It is sometimes difficult to recognize the heroic Russia of 1941 in the cagey diplomatic opponent of 1946. Fortunately, Ernest Bevin has made it clear that, in co-operation though not in "appeasement," our patience, at least, will never be exhausted.

Foreign Ministers may come and go between the capitals. But whatever their temporary triumphs or failures, the necessary compromises must be hammered out in the end. We don't want an atomic war. And neither does Stalin!

## FARM FOOD FACTS

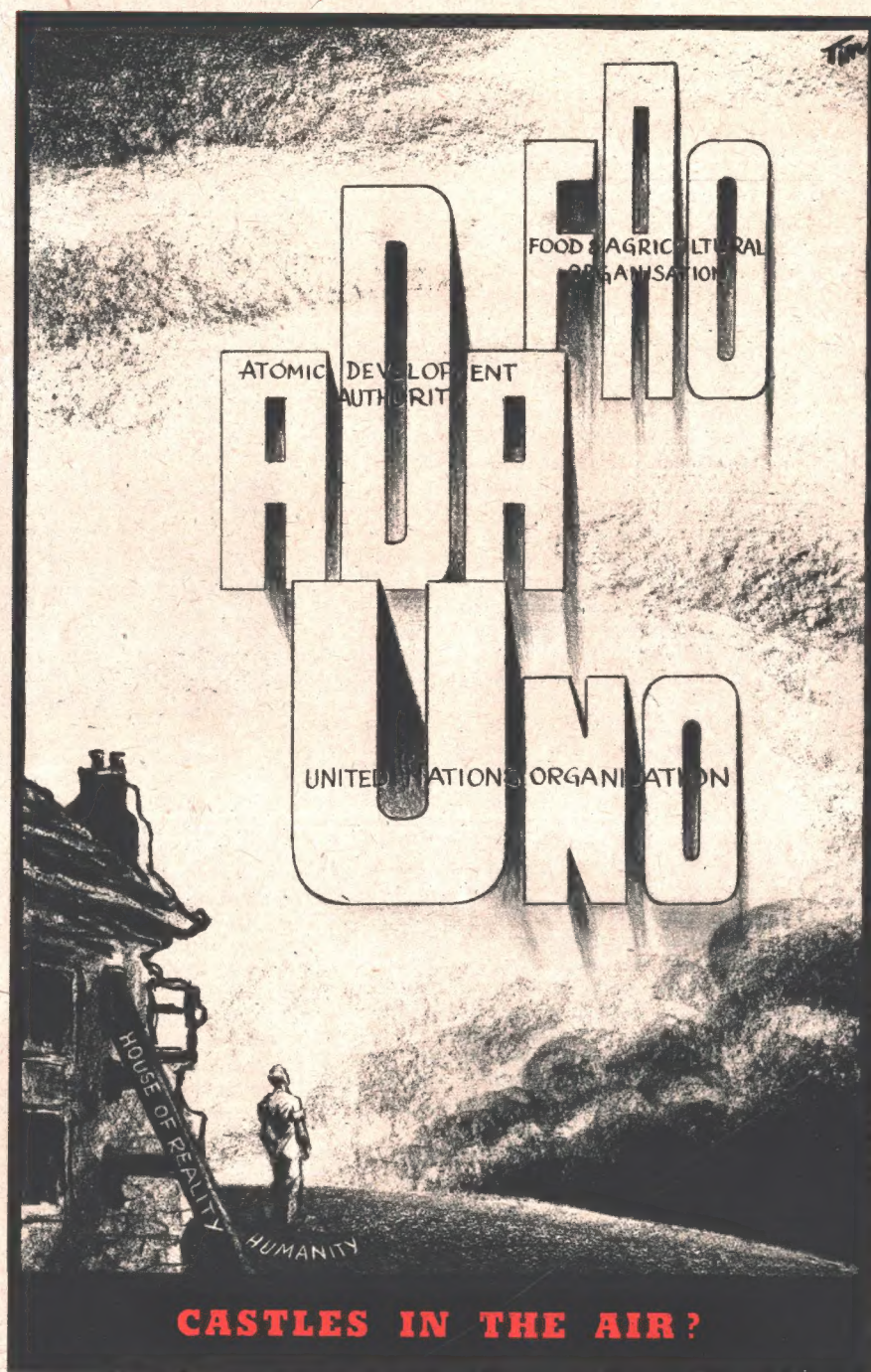
**I**N THE GENERAL CONCERN about the food shortage as it directly affects human beings, it is probable that the drastic cuts recently announced in animal feeding stuffs virtually escaped notice by town and city dwellers.

Nevertheless, the farm food cuts are serious, as every farmer and countryman knows. It is deplorable that many thousands of pigs and poultry may have to be sacrificed next winter. It will be a tragedy if milk production is seriously affected.

But attempts to exploit the disappointment among pig, poultry and livestock keepers at the enforced reduction of feeding stuffs are as misguided as they are unscrupulous. The situation calls for realism and common sense.

Let us face the facts. Throughout the world food crisis, the shortage of wheat, and therefore of bread, in the famine areas has been greatly aggravated by the persistence of livestock owners in feeding grain to animals instead of human beings. To put it bluntly, people in the "rich" countries have too often saved their livestock and kept up their supply of meat and eggs at the risk of starving their fellow human beings in the "poor" countries.

The British Government rightly decided against this policy and therefore raised the extraction rate of wheat, giving us a darker loaf and



making necessary the cuts in animal feeding stuffs which are now so bitterly attacked.

Can anyone honestly say that we should have kept our white loaf, and avoided the cuts in farm food, even though it meant condemning many thousands of people in Europe and India to sheer starvation?

That is fortunately not our way of doing things, and it would be a bad day for Britain if ever we descended to such depths.

## PEERS ON TRIAL

**A**S A BEVY OF NEW PEERS takes its seats in the House of Lords, the old controversy breaks out again: Should titles still be bestowed in a modern democracy?

In one sense, the answer is given by men like Citrine and Shepherd

when they accept peerages. They have devoted their lives to the service of the people; they have earned the right to answer Yes to the question: "Is your peerage really necessary?"

Opinion in this argument has perhaps been confused by the other argument over the political functions of the House of Lords. There is no logical reason why a nation which honours its bravest men with the Victoria Cross and other decorations should not also honour its ablest and wisest men with the title, say, of baron.

What is really in question is the right of the baron's son to speak eventually in the highest councils of the nation solely because he is a baron's son. In the House of Lords at least, hereditary privileges, not titles, are on trial.

**I**NTERNATIONAL CONFERENCES ATTRACT SPIES—or "secret agents"—as a honey-pot attracts wasps. This has been a record year for such conferences. And there is no doubt that it has also set up new peace-time records for international espionage.

Wherever the representatives of great and small Powers meet, wherever secrets kept by one nation, or group of nations, are hidden away—there, you may be sure, spies congregate in ever-increasing numbers.

The full story of espionage activity in Paris during the past fortnight will never be told. It may even be months before anything more than occasional reports of apparently unconnected incidents appear.

But as a background to the Foreign Ministers' meetings there will have been unceasing attempts by secret agents to probe the real intentions of the delegates and to watch out for on-the-side link-ups between representatives of the Powers. Paris is certain to have been a peak peace-time rendezvous of world espionage.

A clear indication of the sort of methods used can be gained from the results of my researches into past activities of "the army without a demob date."

During the first General Assembly of the United Nations Organization, a number of delegates with mutual interests met for a confidential talk in a private room of a London restaurant. As soon as they finished their meal, they began their discussion.

They were interrupted when a man entered, smiled his apologies and, after glancing round the room, went behind a curtain. A few moments later, he left the room again, this time accompanied by a waiter.

The astonished delegates resumed their discussion. Outside, the waiter tried to explain matters to the Secret Service man who had surprised him while he was taking shorthand notes of the delegates' conversation. The waiter, engaged only a week or two before, obstinately claimed that it was sheer curiosity that had made him hide behind the curtain. The Secret Service man had no doubt the waiter was an agent of a foreign Power.

The man had committed no offence against British law, and had to be released. But for the watchfulness of the British Secret Service man who had the task of protecting the delegates, a verbatim account of their discussion would have been in the hands of a certain Power within a few hours.

This incident was only one of many connected with the UNO meetings in London.

### Twenty Arrests

Every delegation had its own "bodyguards," most of them working in close contact with the Special Branch. Altogether, some twenty arrests were made, the suspects including two women and several men posing as journalists representing South American papers.

The cost of that counter-espionage work represents a tiny part of the sum of £2,500,000 which is the Budget estimate for Britain's Secret Service in 1946. The vote was passed without question or debate by members of any party in the House of Commons. Not for many years has an M.P. had the temerity to ask for details of Secret Service expenditure. The invariable reply is: "The essence of a Secret Service is that it should be secret."

Not even the Auditor-General knows exactly how the money is spent. Not even Mr. Bevin, Britain's Foreign Secretary, knows the names of our agents. These secrets are shared by two men—the Permanent Under-Secretaries of the Foreign Office and the Treasury.

Yet, on the information obtained with that £2,500,000 may depend Britain's foreign policy a year hence, the size and disposition of our fighting forces and the safety of our own secrets.

In the years before the war we spent an average of only £167,000, and in some years as little as £50,000, on our Secret Service. Mostly devoted to counter-espionage, this sum was modest when



Counter-espionage in action, as shown in the film, "House on 92nd Street." Government agents are watching a camera record of a spy at work, taken without his knowledge through a glass panel

compared with the millions spent by other Powers.

The recent "spy swoop" in Canada is a reminder that spies have no release dates. Not even the most naive person today believes that espionage ends with an armistice. The nations do not deny they have Secret Services in peace as in war.

But the battle of the spies is a silent one. The agent who is caught in criminal action is never acknowledged by his employer—that is one of the conditions of his engagement. And there are accepted rules, notably that accredited diplomats do not engage in espionage, although this rule has in recent years been honoured in the breach.

That there is no armistice for spies is shown by the average of 200 charges of espionage a year brought in Europe during the years 1920-38. And it must be remembered that no nation at peace wants sensational espionage trials. They embarrass relations with other Powers and give away secrets of counter-espionage.

For every trial of a suspected spy, there are a score of quiet deportations for technical infringements of the aliens' law.

Geneva was a nest of spies in the days of the old League of Nations. The Palace of Peace was watched by men of all nations and no nation.

Soon after I went to Geneva as a correspondent, I had an "off the record" talk with a high British official. Leaving the Palais des Nations, I walked down the quai du Montblanc towards the old city, where, in the shadow of the cathedral, British and American journalists had their favourite cafe in a small street leading from the rue du Marché.

### Secret File

On the corner of this street I noticed a well-dressed man loitering. I passed him, but I had only just seated myself at a table in the cafe when he came up. "Your pardon, but may I share your table?" he asked in English, with a trace of accent. Before I could reply, he had seated himself.

He made a few polite remarks and my indifferent answers removed none of his affableness. At last he said, "You had, no doubt, an extremely interesting talk with Sir —? Ah, there is a man that knows things." He paused an instant. "My employers would be prepared to make an offer for some of the things he knows."

"You had better make the offer direct," I said,

knowing Sir —'s integrity. But he ignored this.

"In particular," he continued, "Sir — has a file. It is marked AK/2741/39. It is secret, but not so secret that he would not lend it to a friend, I think. For the loan of it for just a few hours my employers would be prepared to pay, I think, 2,000 Swiss francs. In cash," he added hastily, as he saw my face.

I did not know whether to be amused or annoyed. "Do you think I would spy on my country and double-cross a friend?" I asked.

"You would not be the only one," the man answered seriously.

"Nothing doing," I replied, "and, if you will excuse me, I wish to join some friends over there. . . ."

I suppose there is no correspondent who has not had "offers" of this kind, not always so directly. They don't often accept them. Patriotism and morals apart, the money is rarely paid. And, once confidential information has been betrayed, the informer is in the hands of the agent. Blackmail is a better hold than bribery. It is the agent's best weapon in peace-time. No doubt some of the officials suspected of giving away atom secrets were trapped by agents in this way.

### No Money In It

An innocent correspondence is started, or perhaps a dinner is arranged at a private house. A recording machine is hidden and, before the end of the meal, the agent has enough evidence to blackmail his victim.

"Tell a little more, or else . . ." Always it is "just a little more," and so the victim is caught.

Not one man in a hundred has the courage to go to his chief and say, "I have made a fool of myself, but so far I have given away nothing vital." Not one victim in a hundred gets any real reward.

The huge sums paid for secrets and documents you read about in fiction never turn up in real life. Bribery is used, of course, but £50 is about the limit. Read the records of the hundreds of spy trials between the wars and mark the sums paid to men who betrayed their trust. They are generally nearer five pounds than fifty.

In time of war, spies are concerned chiefly with getting information about shipping, troop movements and developments connected with the

There are no demob dates for spies. Their aims differ in peace-time but they are always active, getting facts on policies, plans, ambitions and protecting the secrets of their own countries from the agents of other nations. International conferences mean hard work for them

## BUSIER THAN EVER

immediate strategy of the war. In peace, they are concerned with rather different matters.

You can put down the stealing of secret treaties, which is a favourite of spy fiction as—fiction. Most peace-time espionage is the painstaking putting together of thousands of scraps of information, no single item sensational, but all taken together giving a good picture of the intentions and strength of another country.

The statesmen of a European country have been uttering threats in their public speeches, perhaps. But it is the reports of the spies that will confirm whether these threats must be taken seriously or whether the facts about the country's armed forces, internal economy and so on point to a very different future policy.

The Intelligence chiefs are concerned with facts and nothing but hard facts. They can leave the words to the statesmen.

For that reason there should be nothing very surprising in nations which are allies having their secret agents in each other's territories. "B" has a military alliance with "A." "B" has no doubt that "A" will keep the pact, but she wants to be quite sure that "A" is capable of doing all she undertakes, and so she sends her secret agents to get the facts.

### "Shot While Escaping"

Until, at some distant date, each military and economic fact about every country is openly published, espionage will remain an essential part of the security arrangements of all nations, however peace-loving.

Nine-tenths of peace-time espionage and intelligence work is dull in the extreme. But the agent always runs the risk of arrest and even of death.

One of the improvements in British anti-tank guns just before the war cost a British agent his life. We discovered that German and Italian anti-tank guns used by Franco troops at Guadalajara were of a new type. B—— was ordered to get technical details, if possible. He succeeded,

and a detailed drawing later reached London. But a little later the British Embassy in Madrid was informed that B—— had been arrested and unfortunately shot dead while attempting to escape. He was the British representative of a famous firm, and the embassy could only convey the news, with regret. Neither the Franco police nor any British authority mentioned his double life.

But in the secret list of the British Secret Service, kept in a little black book started originally by Sir Warren Fisher as a personal diary, a red line was drawn through another name.

Idealists may find it regrettable that espionage continues in peace-time. But so long as the possibility of war and the manufacture of arms continues, no nation can afford to be without information and must take steps to prevent vital secrets falling into the hands of other nations.

The methods of the Secret Services of the different Great Powers vary, as also does their success.

A man with fifty years' experience of intelligence work once summed up the strength and weakness in peace-time of the Secret Services of the different Powers for me.

The weakness of the Russians, he said, is that they try to learn everything. The result is that they often spend great effort and much money on getting quite worthless material which is no doubt added to already bulging files.

To illustrate his point, he told me of a man they discovered to be a Russian agent, who tried bribing a Government official to get certain information. They wanted to warn him, so they called him in, handed him *Whitaker's Almanack*, told him he would find the information he had been trying so hard to get recorded in it (which was perfectly true) and sent him packing! That agent had spent weeks seeking information available at any public library.

The French were formerly believed to have the largest Secret Service. Perhaps they needed it. The weakness of French officials and even soldiers for bribery made their counter-espionage very

by E. H. COOKRIDGE

author of "How Britain Beat Hitler's Spies" and "Secrets of the British Intelligence Service"

difficult. But there is an old and strong friendship between the French and British Secret Services, and they have helped each other in cleaning up many "gangs," such as the notorious Switz gang who sold international secrets to the highest bidder.

The United States, my friend told me, concentrated in peace-time on economic rather than military intelligence. Their counter-espionage was greatly handicapped by the flow of immigrants and many nationalities represented in their population.

During the war American military intelligence has been on a high level, and the reorganization of the peace-time service suggests they have corrected their mistakes.

What about Britain? A confidential publication discovered by the Allies in the German Secret Service headquarters in Berlin warned German agents that the British have "brought intelligence work to a mastery by traditional experience and certain qualities of national character—scrupulousness; self-control and cool judgment." This is an unsolicited testimonial from an enemy.

### Our Weaknesses

My friend thought our weakness was due not to organization or personnel, but to the laws of the country and our traditional tolerance. It was too easy, he said, for aliens to get in and out, too easy for alien women to marry British citizens and become British themselves; too easy, after they had been deported, to acquire British nationality in one of the Dominions, thus enabling them to re-enter this country.

"But we didn't do so badly in spite of that and of a budget cut to the bone in pre-war years," he concluded. "If you want to know just how well, consider radar, which was being developed in Britain for years before the war. It was the key to victory in a future air war. Every nation in Europe knew of the existence of a 'super rangefinder,' and their secret agents made continual efforts to find it. They never got within miles of our radar secrets."

"Not bad for a country that admitted a few hundred thousand foreign refugees in the five years the 'super rangefinder' was being developed!"

In a second article, Mr. Cookridge deals more fully with the special characteristics and scope of the Secret Services of the great Powers. Watch for this in JOHN BULL next week.



Guarded door at Church House, Westminster, during the UNO Assembly. Paris saw the same care



Plain-clothes men guarded Bevin at earlier Paris talks. Many agents want to know his secrets



UNO Council Chamber in New York is constantly under guard. Yes, it's spies that are feared

## PRIVATE VIEW OF STRACHEY



### RATIONAL REBEL

THE STRACHEY HOUSEHOLD is an informal one. Books are its main furniture and conversation the favourite nourishment. But this does not mean to say that John Strachey, the new Minister for Food, believes the public can live on his words.

A little less talking from that Ministry and rather more in the shopping bag is the general mood of the housewife at the moment. It is certainly Mrs. Strachey's mood when discussing her husband's appointment.

"He can't do miracles, I know that," she says, "but one thing he will do—he will be frank and honest and tell the public the whole story. He always does that — even when he has made a mistake."

And John Strachey has, in an erratic and emotional political life, made several mistakes, confessed them and survived.

SHORTLY after taking office he left for Washington. This was a dangerous journey these days for a Minister of Food, but it was pretty certain he would keep out of jail—which is more than he succeeded in doing on his first trip to America. It was in 1934. He was on a lecture tour, expounding the ideas he had already expressed in his book, *The Coming Struggle for Power*. Strachey was arrested in Chicago. The authorities somehow regarded him as a "dangerous revolutionary." He remains very much on the left of the Labour Party.

Yet he began as a Conservative, editing a magazine at Oxford. His wife, who was at Oxford at the same time, did not meet him there and she is rather glad of it.

"He must have been a precocious young thing," she says.

Strachey himself excuses this early period by saying it was the fault of his teachers. They taught history very badly and inaccurately. He was educated at Eton.

He wandered into a dilettante leftist group but

found it too impractical. With Emmanuel Shinwell he edited the *Miner*, and began to get the warm smell of the human race. The stiff and rather starchy manner of the scholar was injected with a crusader's passion. This probably explains his wanderings from right to left.

Never very happy at conforming to rules, Strachey broke away from the Labour Party in 1931 and joined Mosley's New Party. It was only a few months before he saw the Fascist direction of that party. Strachey did a rapid exit. He restored his faith and conscience by becoming a leading anti-Fascist.

OUT in the wilderness he began to preach—books, pamphlets and articles streamed out, lashing the official Labour policy. It was a period of revolt and impatience.

He went to Spain and suffered a frenzied torment over non-intervention. Letter and letter he swept until the war broke out. More than ever, now, he felt he had an enemy to fight, and a faith to fight for. He despised his Communist friends who withheld their support.

Strachey tried to join the R.A.F. It is his favourite story. He was very apprehensive about his first interview with the selection board. There were plenty of time bombs ticking in his past and this, he felt, was where they exploded. He began pretty well—education highly acceptable, voice nicely modulated, with an Oxford accent. He felt he had got through until one of the board looked up and said, "Don't think we don't know all about you, Mr. Strachey."

Here it came.

"You are the son of the editor of the *Spectator*. We know," said the officer cunningly. Strachey breathed again.

But the board turned him down and he became an air-raid warden. While on duty in the blitz he wrote *Post D*, a small, exquisitely worded book about the men and women fighting for their lives in the streets of London. Later he was accepted for the R.A.F.

Perhaps it was all this which mellowed his political outlook and made discipline rather more congenial. Back in Parliament in 1945 he became Under Secretary for Air and at once showed that rare combination—sympathy and understanding with a clear, precise style.

HE made many changes in his brief stay there and the most important was perhaps the simplest. He found that correspondence to wives and mothers who were inquiring about missing airmen went back very formally: "*Re yours of the 1st inst. . .*" He brought in six intelligent young secretaries and made them write individual and human replies.

Strachey works in concentrated periods of four or five hours. He does not see the sense in sitting up with his papers until midnight. His real talent as an administrator is in drawing out other people's ideas, assessing them and then directing a course.

He writes his books to a set pattern, allowing so many hours a day, no more and no less. He runs his Government department the same way.

He remains unorthodox in his dealings with officials but has a smooth and persuasive manner.

After a day at the Ministry he gets home about six in the evening, and reads aloud to his two children. It is an imaginative release from departmental worries and an interesting way of relaxing.

Strachey has taken on a difficult and responsible job, against the advice of some of his friends who thought he would be wiser to stick to a Service post. But he points out that food is now the battle front.

The rebel is in harness and there are many standing by to watch his performance.

If he fails he will be left with little to do except eat his own words, and some of his early remarks would cause acute indigestion.

## TALKING POINTS ABOUT

### CYCLING

THERE ARE ABOUT 70,000,000 cycles in use today, most of them British made. In 1937, for instance, we exported 831,113, valued at £2,329,313, and spare parts exports brought in another £2,323,664. The cycle exports of the rest of the world totalled only 729,224 machines—value, £1,418,107.

This year our home market target figure is one million machines and one million spares, but for every two cycles made for home use, three will be exported. Fifty-three countries have sent orders—South America has just cabled Nottingham for 100,000; typical cable from U.S.A.—"can take all you've got."

So this year's pilgrimage to Courthill, Dumfries, where in 1840 Kirkpatrick Macmillan, the local blacksmith, made the first recognizable cycle, was a fitting tribute to a great man. Known as "the devil on wheels" he is said to have "terrorized the countryside" at ten miles an hour.

The Fellowship of Old Time Cyclists, restricted to those who rode a "penny-farthing" machine prior to 1890, still has about 470 members. The National Cyclists' Union (55,000 members) and the Cyclists' Touring Club (37,000) represent the modern cyclist.

These two bodies have fought hard for the rights of all cyclists, and deserve far more support. Today fierce controversy centres round the bicycle. The three main points are (1) rear lights, (2) cycle tracks, (3) compulsory insurance.

Should cyclists, like car drivers, be forced to insure against third party risks? No, says the C.T.C.—simply another tax on the poor man. The N.C.U. provides cover up to £1,000 for a yearly premium of two shillings. The wise cyclist insures—a sixty-year-old cyclist had recently to pay £453 damages.

One insurance scheme suggested by Lloyds' underwriters is that manufacturers, for a payment of £50 per 1,000 cycles sold, should provide £1,000 cover for the first year, the owner renewing for one shilling a year, paying through any one of the manufacturers' agents.

Concerning cycle tracks: counsel's opinion is that roads are free to all citizens and that, though special channels may be provided for cyclists, they cannot be compelled to use them.

The cyclists' case against compulsory rear lights is that the overtaking motorist must not travel faster than the range of his headlights makes safe; and that since rear lights are smashed in most accidents, motorists will automatically claim they were not lit.

The L.C.C. proposes that all school-age cyclists shall be examined in Road Code knowledge and licensed only if they pass the test. In Blackpool 2,000 such passes are already issued. When the police examined the school-children's machines in 1939, of 614 cycles 268 were defective, and 54 utterly unfit for use.

A Bristol aircraft worker recently made his two and a half years old son a bicycle. Miss Julie Hames of Bournemouth learned to cycle at sixty-two and went on cycling till eighty. She rode "pillion" on a motor-bike at eighty-two and learned to drive a car at ninety.

Petrol restrictions made many motorists turn to cycling, and the fact that they now see things from the cyclist's point of view may aid the settlement of road troubles. One thing is clear—cycling, the cheapest form of travel, and the most perfect of pastimes, must be made safe.

# NINETY YEARS A SHAW LOVER

**W**ILL BERNARD SHAW LIVE TO BE NINETY? He hasn't long to go. Or will a gust of wind blow him suddenly away? His brain is as clear, and seemingly as active, as it was forty years ago. And yet his body is almost as transparent as his mind. His veins seem almost bloodless.

G. B. S. remains, in the winter of his age, his own most daring paradox—a mixture of frailty and liveliness, wisdom and foolishness, simplicity and guile.

The Clown in him has taken on, at last, the guise of Pantaloon. He dresses, still, like the Victorian cyclist he used to be, and yet has nowhere to go. He lives in a hide-out to which he bids you welcome, offers you tea that he himself eschews and pretends to be a bear who eats little children while remaining the kindest and most polite of all human beings.

And, sage and philosopher though he is, he sits with you in what his extinct contemporaries called a "drawing-room," one in which Rodin statuary stands awkwardly among Edwardian knick-knacks that might have been bought in a seaside bazaar.

On the mantelpiece, a china Shakespeare worth a few shillings is next to the jeered-at Oscar that Hollywood gave him for his *Pygmalion* script! The juxtaposition is one of Shaw's best jokes. A costly copy of *The Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, written by his friend, Lawrence of Arabia, and enclosed in a case, stands near a lot of books of all kinds apparently there by accident.

I conjured up, as I saw it, an idea of Plato living in Surbiton, or Voltaire in a seaside boarding house.

When, forty years ago, Shaw first bought a country house at Ayot St. Lawrence, near Welwyn, his London flat was in Adelphi Terrace, next to Barrie's. That, now, has disappeared. So, almost entirely, has Bernard Shaw.

## "Extinct Volcano"

Whitehall Court, to which he moved from the Adelphi, is little more than an office for his faithful secretary, Miss Patch. Shaw himself has retired to his Hertfordshire retreat, and there he pretends to be angry if you disturb him.

"There is nothing to see but a very old man in a very inaccessible village, unable to bear any sort of publicity," he wrote to Mary Pickford when she wanted to call. "If you are determined to view the extinct volcano . . . I am a lonely widower, the only article of furniture in the place. *Journalists and photographers are shot at sight.*"

Yet, when I took her down, because Mary was afraid to go alone, Shaw was obviously pleased.

When, because he had called her "a genius," Mary said: "I am only an actress who had a great opportunity," he replied: "You were the opportunity."

And you should have seen the respect he paid to a woman who had mastered, as he had done, the details of the business side of entertainment.

"I hated it," she explained, "but I had to do it in self-defence. I had to protect myself against the Big Five of Filmland."

Then they discussed who should play "St. Joan," and Shaw proved that he knew as much about the capacities, and limitations, of Hollywood's stars as did Mary herself.

Shaw, whoever may be his callers, can meet them on their own ground. His knowledge is encyclopaedic. And, whoever it is you mention, from the Queen of England to William Randolph Hearst, he engages in such frank reminiscences that you realize he would have made, had he condescended, the finest Pepys of his several generations.

"Journalists are shot at sight!" Don't you believe it!

The only sign of the bear in Shaw is that, vegetarian to the end, he lives largely on honey. When he invites you to call at his Hertfordshire

George Bernard Shaw, ninety next month, is the greatest Shaw lover—and the greatest Shaw critic—of them all. Here is an intimate picture of him today by his old friend

## HANNEN SWAFFER

hermitage, he writes on large, square-shaped note-paper with half a page of printed directions as to how to find him. Even then, you nearly always lose your way.

Shaw has no friends as old as himself. Only Sidney Webb, who is some years his junior, survives from the age of pamphleteering that changed our country's history. Even H. G. Wells is only seventy-nine.

It is with both pleasure and annoyance, I believe, that he regards the recent formation of Shaw societies—in London, Dublin, Liverpool, Sheffield, Canada, the United States, Switzerland and Hungary. The first issue of *The Shavian*, just published, contains a page about "The Master."

What, on the eve of being ninety years old, does Shaw do?

To one questioner, he says he is writing a play, and to another he answers that he has to work so hard, as a taxpayer, collecting money for the Chancellor, that he has no time for anything but tax returns.

One day he admits he has joined the Centenarians Club and will, in due course, qualify for full rights. Soon after he tells you: "I shall die in a couple of years."

Whether he is following his profession of a dramatist or not, he finds time for propaganda. He told me, some years back, that his money would be left to preserve the purity of the English language and to teach Yogi. In 1943 he informed me he had left his fortune for the establishment of phonetic spelling. Meanwhile, he advocates nature foods and nature healing.

He indicts the system of taxation (which, he declares, costs him £20,000 in a year), Harley Street specialists, private ownership, the waste of water-power, and parasitic landlords.

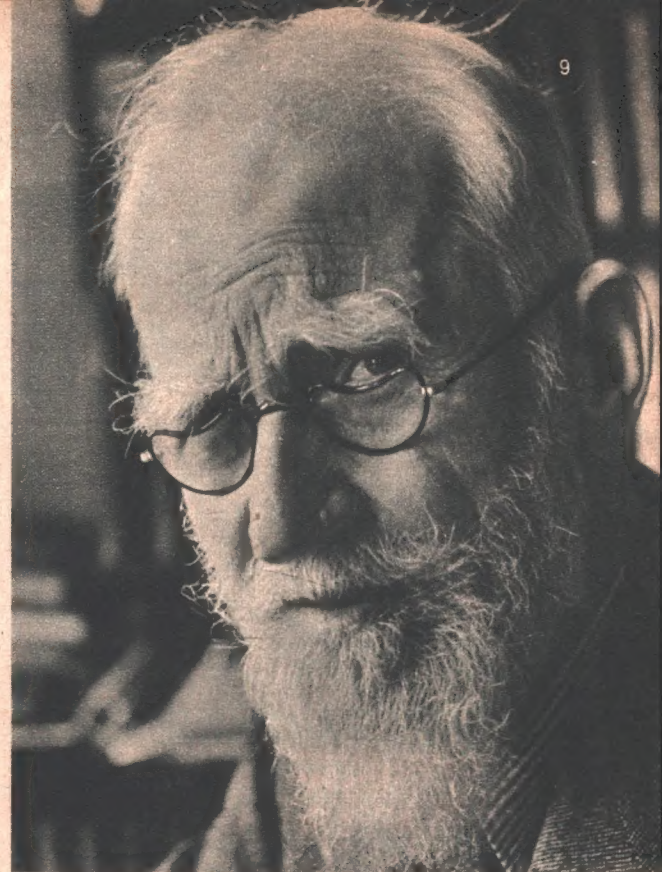
Of his latest book, *Everybody's Political What's What*, he has sold 140,000 copies. Two plays that he wrote during the reign of Edward VII—*Pygmalion* and *Candida*—are big successes on Broadway. A few months ago, he was made a freeman of the City of Dublin, at the suggestion of Jim Larkin.

## Socialized His Irish Property

Let me quote from *The Shavian* lines which prove, at the same time, the practicality of Shaw's mind and the way in which his idolators speak of him:

"The Master has socialized all his inherited Irish property. The final conveyances were signed in the last week of 1945; and the Master is no longer one of the landed gentry of his native country. He now describes himself as only a London Irish bloke. He is releasing and surrendering his life interest in his wife's bequest of her estate for the advancement of Irish fine art and public manners. These proceedings are so unprecedented that the Master has actually had to invent and draft a new Act of Parliament to facilitate it. He declares that to pass such an Act would have taken thirty years in England, and been completely nullified by amendments; but Mr. de Valera saw its value and got it through the Dail and on to the statute book in a few hours."

Then, in conclusion, let me tell of an experience of my own. It describes three of Shaw's almost unique characteristics—his considerateness, his



Shaw wrote to Mary Pickford, "There is nothing to see but a very old man in a very inaccessible village, unable to bear any sort of publicity"

power over impromptu words and his possession of histrionic gifts which have made even famous actors and actresses learn from him.

It was the afternoon of the private view of the film *Pygmalion*.

As G. B. S. and I chatted, a man came in with a movie camera and said: "Mr. Shaw, will you make a speech as a trailer for the film in America?"

"Don't do it, Shaw," I advised. "It's not a fair thing to ask you."

Shaw, after a few moments of thought, however, sat down at a table and delivered a perfect little speech, full of impish humour, advice and challenge. His beautiful hands were as eloquent as his voice. Not even Lloyd George could have made the speech. Nor could Irving have made so much of every word.

## Something Went Wrong

Well, soon we were talking again. Then the movie men came back and—apologizing: "Something went wrong with the camera"—asked Shaw to do it again! I flamed. Shaw smiled.

In a minute, he was back at the table, acting a different speech, one better than the first. I do not know anyone else who would have been so gracious.

But, governing Shaw's willingness to please, is the mind of a successful business man. When genius can think in terms of the box office, well—then you have a Bernard Shaw.

Shaw looks forward to death with "a perfect serenity," he declares. When I asked him what he thought would afterwards become of him, he said that he did not believe in individual survival.

"An eternity of G. B. S. would be an appalling prospect," he went on. "Like the Wandering Jew, I would give £5 to anyone who would shoot me."

"The life goes on," he told me, was his belief. "The individual perishes. Life still goes on. New people come into the world. They will be using the same life."

He apparently accepts, as does H. G. Wells, the nebulous theory of the Life Force. Yet when, as a Spiritualist, I argued with Shaw about it, he added the amazing words: "I am talking about something I know nothing about."

Well, he will know before long. Not even Shaw can go back to Methuselah.



One side of the picture—Monte Carlo Casino. But gambling goes beyond the luxury aspect. For millions it is an escape, harmful or not

SIR ALAN HERBERT, stating the case for a betting tax in the House of Commons recently, said that Britain's total betting bill was between £400,000,000 and £500,000,000 a year, and that in two or three years the amount of money staked in gambling would be sufficient to pay off the American loan. Anxious not to be labelled a kill-joy, he added that he was not taking a high moral line and would probably lose a few pounds at the White City himself the following Saturday night!

The Churches take a less liberal view. They are dismayed and alarmed at what is, undoubtedly, a most spectacular increase in the gambling spirit in this country. They see in gambling a cause of crime, a menace to national morale and an enormous industry which consumes time, human imagination and vast sums of money without being productive.

The Churches' committee on the subject is conducting a vigorous campaign aimed at convincing us of the alleged futility of gambling, and promoting legislation for its control and restriction. The committee has the support of almost every religious body in Britain except the Roman Catholics who, in their separate way, are also opposed to betting in all its forms.

These efforts are supplemented by the energetic campaign of the National Anti-Gambling League, whose programme is broadly similar.

Both organizations are impelled by sincere convictions and no thought of financial profit. They have little money behind them and work almost

entirely through volunteers. Their propaganda is entirely free from bigotry or hysteria.

Whether one accepts their views or not, they deserve respect for stating a minority viewpoint with fairness and logic. Theirs is a still, small voice when measured against the thunder of newspaper tipsters and commentators (who between them write millions of words a week), the inducements of pool promoters and the wiles of bookies.

Now, an industry affecting the habits and pockets of millions of people deserves attention, especially in view of the serious accusations levelled against it. How widespread is gambling?

The annual betting turnover on the Turf alone was once estimated by the Racecourse Betting Control Board at £230,000,000. To this must be added the money spent by millions of racegoers and punters in telephone calls, telegrams, railway journeys and fees to tipsters. But this was a pre-war estimate, and there is no reason to suppose that this form of gambling, by far the most popular in the country, has not increased at least as much as dog racing.

### "Tote" Figures Doubled

The latest figures for dog racing are frankly astounding. The official "tote" receipts for the last two years show in many cases a hundred per cent increase during 1945 over the previous year, and an even greater increase compared with pre-war figures.

Nearly £54,062,070 was staked on dog races at thirteen London tracks, compared with £26,444,825 in 1944, and £22,593,525 from twenty tracks in 1938.

This increase does not apply only to London. In the provinces it is the same story. Shawfield track in Glasgow collected £2,919,380 last year against £1,266,097 the year before, whereas totalisator receipts from all of Glasgow's four dog tracks amounted to only £1,427,174 in 1938.

Parkside, Leeds, has doubled its turnover. Marsh Barton, Exeter, has jumped from £255,711 to £432,925.

Since the overall figure for totalisator receipts on dog tracks throughout the country was £70,452,961 in 1944, the figure for last year is not likely to be less than £100,000,000. Add to this the unspecified sum gambled on dogs through bookmakers, and it is plain that the money "thrown



Receiving bets at an Epsom Derby meeting. This is the largest hand-operated "tote" in the world

## FACE THE



The nation gambles away £500,000,000 every year. Dog racing bets alone consume £20,000,000 of education services. Is gambling a social menace?

by DENNIS E.

to the dogs" is much in excess of this country's expenditure on its entire education services!

I can get no accurate figures of money speculated on football pools, but the amount is unlikely to be far short of the pre-war total of £50,000,000. Before the war nearly ten million people gambled an average of half a crown a week. In those days a prize of over £30,000 for a stake of one penny was not uncommon. Recently a "prize-winner" received over £20,000 for a stake of twopence. That such a large prize can still be paid shows that, despite the ban on newspaper advertising, football pools are very much in the swing again.

And though it hardly seems possible, those pin-tables, with their winking lights, animated figures and electrically-operated trapdoors, take over £30,000,000 a year in pennies.

There are no reliable estimates of the money gambled on Irish sweepstakes in this country, or in gaming clubs. Both are illegal. Yet a "sweep" ticket may easily be bought, and no town is without its gaming club. As a matter of curiosity, I attended a card club in the London area the other day, in which the main games being played were rummy and poker. In the latter game a £10 bet on a single card was quite common.

So much for figures. They show that we gamble quite as much as we spent in 1937 on social services, including education, health services, insurance and housing, public assistance, unemployment insurance and assistance, and pensions.

But that isn't the complete picture. When Sir A. P. Herbert talks of a "total betting bill" of between £400,000,000 and £500,000,000 he is surely mistaken. At least £300,000,000 of this sum is accounted for by money placed on totalisators. Opponents of gambling confine themselves to the money staked but say little of its distribution. In fact, the "tote" keeps only six per cent, so that

# FACTS ON

# BETTING

from its pay-packets  
would pay for our entire  
healthy national pastime, or  
must be tackled at once?

## GARDENS

the amount *lost* by punters in this medium would be £18,000,000—a very different matter.

Nor is the money retained by the "tote" pure profit. There are large staffs to be paid, considerable running expenses to be met. Of the real profits, a considerable portion goes in taxation, while employees, paid out from this six per cent, must pay tax on their salaries and on many of the things they buy with what they have left.

Then the thousands of shareholders must pay tax on their dividends. There are more taxpayers than tax-dodgers.

Bookmakers? They are prosperous enough, but probably not as rich as they are commonly supposed to be. Sir Herbert Williams, who served on the Standing Committee that considered the Betting and Lotteries Bill in 1934, said recently that when the betting tax was first proposed, he inspected the audited accounts of a number of Reading bookmakers and found that their gross profit was not very dissimilar to the six per cent allowed to the "totes" on greyhound tracks.

### Effect on Society

In considering the merits and demerits of gambling and betting, here is the first mistake to avoid: turnover is not expenditure.

Now for the social implications of it all. Is it a drain on the community? Does the habit detract from an individual's character? Could the money and energy expended in gambling be diverted to some more satisfactory end; if so, what end, and satisfactory to whom? To the State, or the individual? The distinction is important.

Are all our pleasures to serve some direct or indirect purpose of the State, and need we justify the expenditure of our own money? If we drift into that, we shall be near totalitarianism.

The mere fact that a great deal of money is spent



Dockers at cards. There's money lying around. Are they wasting it here, more than on other entertainments? There's no simple answer

on betting and gambling is not in itself an argument against them. What, then, *are* the arguments against gambling?

Lord Baden Powell said that what is commonly called luck is really largely the chance to spot your opportunity, to jump at it, and seize it. "Too many fellows sit down and wait for luck to come to them and then complain because it never does."

It is argued that the more one believes in chance, the less one tends to be thrifty, considerate of one's dependants, and capable of application in one's work. But—it is a big but—does every gambler *believe* in chance? I don't think so. The inveterate gambler may, but the average punter knows perfectly well that the odds are against him.

This deep-rooted instinct to gamble has flourished in almost every country and period back to ancient times. No legislation against gambling has ever been a complete success.

Street betting, for instance, is illegal. The public does not agree with this law, and flouts it to such an extent that it is simply paper legislation.

### Blamed for Crime

Rightly or wrongly, the working man suspects that as soon as he begins to enjoy something, authority gets worried about it. The wealthy man can have his credit account with a bookie; why shouldn't the poor man put his shilling on the 2.30?

So street betting flourishes throughout Britain, the touts and runners protected by lookouts and a public which is unsympathetic to the law.

What justification is there for the suggestion that gambling is a cause of crime? I have spoken to several magistrates, who tell me that many cases have come before them in which it seemed that the incentive to gamble set the defendant on the road to embezzlement or defalcation.

Looking through old records, I find cases where gambling had something to do with a convicted man's downfall. A £5-a-week book-keeper in the City attributed his fall to gambling when charged with stealing £6,000. A Leeds accountant gambled trust money away. A nurse who swindled a patient of £2,000 blamed gambling.

Such cases prove nothing. What of the millions who gamble but do *not* turn to crime? They are in a huge majority.

Is betting a menace to youth, then? In a sense, yes. I find the atmosphere of the dog tracks

unhealthy and unedifying. It is not good that in their impressionable years adolescents should be obsessed with the thought of gain without labour.

Yet a recent inquiry into the effect which fun fairs have on youths yielded no real evidence that delinquency flourished or took root in these places. The inquiry covered sixty-nine fun fairs.

Observers recorded that, "Comparatively heavy spending is noticeable only among a minority of men. . . ." The real inference to be drawn from the vast popularity of fun fairs is, I suggest, that facilities by which youths can spend their leisure enjoyably are woefully inadequate, and that while they remain so, youths will find their pleasures where they can.

The fact is that the British people like gambling. Gambling is, for millions of us, an escape from monotony.

It is natural and healthy to wish to escape, sometimes, from the humdrum, the commonplace and the assured. To ignore or repress this instinct is to lay up trouble in other directions.

So, within due bounds, the obvious conclusion is that gambling must be permitted. In excess, it is harmful because it teaches a man to escape from, rather than face up to, reality, and he becomes in time increasingly credulous and irresponsible. But within reasonable limits, it provides an outlet for instincts which, though not particularly edifying, happen to be widespread—the desire to get rich quickly and to profit without effort. These instincts, denied their present form of expression, would almost certainly find some other, and perhaps more mischievous, outlet.



Cash department of a football pool—big prizes for tiny stakes draw a vast following each week

## GROWING BALD GRACEFULLY

A bit thin on the top? Why worry? JOHN BULL's homely philosopher tells you how to grow bald with an air and shows the advantages bald men have over others

I WAS AMUSED to see a friend of mine tenderly feeling the top of his head the other evening. He looked worried.

"I'm getting horribly thin on top," he said. "I believe I'm going bald."

Being fairly bald on top myself, I laughed.

"It's all very well for you," he said. "You're past all hope. But I don't want to go bald. I wonder if I could get something for it?"

I told him he was silly to worry about it. Some men go bald, and some don't. And there doesn't seem to be anything you can do about it. When a man getting into the forties finds his hair thinning, he can reckon it's all in the course of Nature, and let it go at that.

Besides, I can't see anything in baldness to get upset about. It's very worrying for a woman, of course. But I see no reason for a man to worry. It often improves his appearance. I feel sure it improved mine.

I'll admit my face was never much to look at in the first place. In my twenties, I gave it up as a bad job. I decided that the only way to live with a face like mine was to avoid looking at it—to forget it.

### "The Rugged Type"

I couldn't forget it altogether, of course. I had to look at it every morning when I shaved. But by keeping my eyes firmly fixed on the razor, I only had to see one piece of face at a time. And, taken piece by piece, my face wasn't so bad. It was only when you saw it all at once that it got you.

The kindest thing you could say about it was that it belonged to the rugged type.

That was in my hairy twenties. But in my later thirties, when I had almost succeeded in forgetting my face, I accidentally caught sight of it all at once, one day, in my driving mirror. And I thought: surely this noble looking countenance can't be mine! It was as pleasant a surprise as any I've had.

My hair had receded off the temples, and given



"Actually beginning to look intelligent"

my face quite a different expression. I was actually beginning to look intelligent.

My friends noticed it, too. They began to listen to my opinions; even to ask my advice. My receding hair, by giving me this appearance of intelligence, was turning me into a person of importance.

Of course, I was lucky in one thing. I went bald gracefully; in a steady sweep. It's apt to be awkward when you go bald in patches. A patchy baldness is neither one thing nor the other.

The right way to grow bald is to start at the front, and encourage the baldness to sweep gradually over the head towards the back. In this way, one is able to present a dignified appearance at every stage of the process.

You will notice how the respect of other people gradually increases, as your growing baldness converts you from a lowbrow into a highbrow. You will notice, too, how rapidly your own self-confidence increases, in response to this respect.

Until, finally, if you've managed the job properly, your shining head will emerge in triumph; free, at last, of all entangling hair. You will no longer have to hide even a part of your light under a bushel. You'll be "bald as the fair mountain tops are bald; with a baldness full of grandeur," (if I may slightly misuse Matthew Arnold).

This is the very pinnacle of baldness. Few men achieve it. But he who does achieve it is generally

regarded with such great respect that he may take his seat in almost any company he fancies, and lay down the law on almost any subject he pleases.

Many men, however, try to wear a moustache with a bald head. This, I feel, is a mistake. It ruins the whole effect.

To achieve the proper effect, a baldheaded man should be clean shaven. He should present a completely smooth surface, from the point of his chin to the crown of his head. This gives his face an artistic unity—an appearance of deliberate design—which doubles the power of his personality.

Take Winston Churchill, for example. Or Hugh Dalton. People obey such men instinctively.

Any man, then, who feels himself getting thin on top should take heart from these great examples. I won't go so far as to say that all great men are bald, but a glance at the portraits of eminent men, through the ages, does show that many a bald man has been great.

### Hairy Chests

And not only great intellectually, but great in all manly ways. You occasionally meet an ignorant person who thinks that lack of hair on the head shows a lack of manly vigour.

This, of course, is nonsense. It's the hairy chest that indicates the he-man, not the hairy head. As that great classical writer, Juvenal, has pointed out: "A hairy body, and arms stiff with bristles, give promise of a manly soul." (Not a word, you notice, about the head.)

Now, as every bald man knows, when the hair stops growing on the head, it grows with increasing gusto everywhere else. We baldheaded men are naturally modest. We have no desire to puff ourselves up. But if ever the time should come when fashion commands us to display our manly chests, the world will get a surprise.

The thought of manliness, of course, naturally raises the question of womanliness. What are a woman's feelings towards a man with a bald head?

I haven't, as yet, been able to collect a great deal of evidence on this point. But if I haven't noticed any great increase in women's interest, I can't say I've noticed any particular falling off.

On the whole, I'm inclined to think that the sight of a bald head touches the tender places in a woman's heart. It probably reminds her of the head of a helpless baby, and makes her feel maternal. Anyway, all the nice women I happen to meet, these days, are very nice to me.

### Greet it Joyfully

I once saw an American cabaret show, during which the leading lady walked among the diners' tables, and bent to kiss the top of every bald head in her path. I don't altogether hold with this. Not in the middle of a meal. Eating's eating and kissing's kissing. I like to do one thing at a time.

Of course, the men there with hairy heads pretended to treat the whole thing as a joke. But there was a hollow ring to their laughter. It was obvious that they were only trying to cover up their disappointment.

It seems to me, therefore, that there is far more to be said in favour of baldness than against it. And when, in Nature's own good time, a man first catches sight of his head slowly emerging through his hair, he should feel pleasure rather than dismay.

He should greet it joyfully, like a man greeting the sunrise. It is a sign that he is at last coming into the fullness of his manhood, into the glory of the prime of life, into the pride of his maturity.

I shall certainly not encourage my friend to go searching after hair-restorers.

I shall encourage him, instead, in an effort to grow bald gracefully—to concentrate on his spreading spaces rather than on his diminishing hair.

If he needs a bottle of anything at all, it will be a bottle of hair remover—to remove any awkward tufts that may impair the smooth expanse.

In this way, he may in time attain the true baldness—the baldness of the mountain tops, the baldness full of grandeur—that beautifully complete baldness which is the hallmark of the great.

## THE HUMAN MACHINE

*paint well!*

EVERY ACTION PRODUCES some sort of reaction. Every cause brings about some result. The general increase of intelligence, and the wiser outlook that humanity is developing—despite all appearances to the contrary I really believe that—is bound to result in new difficulties and new worries.

Any number of us are feeling it now in a sense of frustration and futility. This is especially so with those who during the war years led a very active life and now feel themselves suddenly outside the rushing stream of life.

What does it matter if such people now find that their service lies in an apparent backwater? It may not be spectacular. But

it is just as important now as ever it was.

Life is always a canvas. You are the painter. Face it. Face it with the determination to make the finished picture one that will be worth looking at for ever.

Paint for posterity. In any great piece of work, light and shade, colours and dull patches, are all set in their places with supreme skill.

Build up *your* life round this idea. Realize that, day by day, you are putting in the strokes of the brush that will one day reveal the finished work.

Then the next generation can look upon what you did and say: "This was a MAN! May I make *my* life like that!"

by ROFFE THOMPSON

**THE***Shrinking***WIFE**

Fred had heard of vanishing cream and invisible ink. He'd even looked through the wrong end of a telescope. But it was no small matter to discover that he could put his own wife in his pocket!

by **KENNETH GRENVILLE MYER**

ILLUSTRATED BY KENDRICK

**T**HE DAY THE THING HAPPENED Fred Tabnet had spent the morning at his books, running to the door at intervals, standing outside his shop on the step, and peering anxiously down the street to where the bus stopped by the Post Office, eager to spot Mrs. Burstall coming on her daily visit.

He had been successful that morning and had managed to dive across the road, he hoped unseen, to the "Bear," where he sat in the public bar until she had gone.

He waited the summons to dinner without anxiety. This morning, at any rate, Grace would not be able to wish that he got on better with mother, to deplore the fact that he seemed to take a delight in upsetting her, to ask him to remember that mother was an old woman and wouldn't be here much longer, and generally to spoil his appetite.

They kept the shop open during the dinner hour, taking it in turns to answer the call of the bell that rang when the door was opened. Grace had cooked a bit of stuffed sheep's heart for dinner that day, and scarcely had she divided it into unequal portions, and given Fred the larger, when there was a summons from the shop. Fred went, to find that Grace had almost finished when he returned.

"What was it?" she asked, with her mouth full.

"String and sealing wax; and then wanted help to seal a parcel up for registration abroad."

"Oh," Grace said, no longer interested.

"Lovely stuffing," said Fred as he swallowed the first mouthful. It was, too. It was like nothing he had ever tasted before, savoury and sweet, yet sour and sharp, with a sort of a tang to it.

"Mother brought the herbs," said Grace, and waited for the usual reaction. But it was then that it happened.

Grace had now finished her stuffed heart and had taken a mouthful of water. She said afterwards that it began when she felt the cold water running down inside her. It was a most peculiar sensation—a sort of burning indigestion that made her double up and shrink inside herself.

Her knife and fork seemed suddenly too heavy to hold and she dropped them with a clatter. The room seemed to sway and recede from her and her husband's face grew larger and then suddenly disappeared from view as she was nearly smothered by large clouds of heavy, clinging stuff which almost choked her.

To Fred the whole thing seemed absurd, which, of course, it was. One minute his wife was eating her dinner and the next she had disappeared, apparently leaving her dress behind. But muffled squeaks were coming from inside the dress which now sagged heavily



Now that she was dressed after a fashion, she stretched her arms and took a long look at Fred

on the chair while Fred sat still in amazement.

The cries got fainter and fainter till they ceased, and, suddenly stung to action, Fred thrust his hand inside the neck of the dress, fumbled within the still-warm undies until his fingers encountered something which he took to be living flesh.

With infinite care he lifted out a little creature and placed it gently on the table. Then he sat back in his chair and gasped heavily once or twice. To make sure he was still awake he even pinched himself. For what he saw on the table, and rapidly reviving in the fresh air, was a woman, mother-naked, and not more than six inches tall!

What wits Fred had were not sharp, and he looked round helplessly for his wife to deal with the unaccountable

situation. He even called out for her, and it was only when the little creature stretched and yawned in a familiar gesture that it struck him that she bore more than a passing resemblance to his wife.

"Good heavens," cried Fred, "it is Grace!"

GRACE awoke to find herself in the middle of what could only be a nightmare. There she was, with no clothes on, lying on some hard, coarse, white stuff, and the first thing she saw was a face, fully nine feet long, staring at her! A face, moreover, which was undoubtedly alive.

She promptly put her hands over her eyes and hoped it would go away.

Presently she peeped through her fingers and found it was still there. She

was quite sure the whole world had gone crazy and was confirmed in this belief when an enormous cleft appeared in the face and she was nearly deafened by the loudest loudspeaker she had ever heard.

Quickly she put her fingers in her ears, and when she took them out again it was to discover that the noise, though still loud, was not unbearable.

"Grace," the voice was saying, "Grace, what on earth have you done?"

Suddenly it dawned on her that it was Fred speaking; that the enormous face belonged to Fred; that she was on her own kitchen table and those queer, dangerous-looking objects were her own crockery and cutlery; and that she, for some reason unknown, was little more than a twelfth of her normal size.

"Don't keep staring at me like that," she said angrily, "as if you'd never seen

me before; give me some clothes to put on."

Fred made no reply but bent his great head to her level and ponderously turned his enormous ear towards her. Grace shouted at it:

"I want some clothes."

"Your own would smother you," Fred said gently.

"Well, give me a handkerchief or something."

Fred took his silk bandanna from his pocket and laid it on the table beside his wife, but it was too awkward for her to manage, so reaching for a pair of scissors from the mantelpiece, Fred snipped a piece off and this Grace draped deftly round herself.

Now that she was dressed after a fashion, she stretched her arms and took a long look at Fred.

"I suppose you think you're very clever," she shouted, "but now you've had your little joke, perhaps you'll get me my right size again. And next time you want to play these tricks perhaps you'll try them on yourself first."

Fred was about to make an angry retort but at that moment the bell of the shop rang. Because of a vague feeling that she couldn't be left alone, Fred picked up his wife gently in his fingers and thrust her into his pocket as he opened the connecting door to find, not a customer, but his mother-in-law coming towards him.

"Can't dodge me this time, I suppose," said Mrs. Burstall nastily, "but it's not you I want to see, it's Grace. It's those herbs I brought her up for stuffing. I sent her the wrong lot. These are what she should have had," and she laid a screw of paper on the counter. "What I gave her was the reducing herbs I use in my bath. Reduce you down to nothing, they will, once they're mixed with water. Supposed to be poisonous, they are, if you take them, but like as not she hasn't used them yet, so there'll be no harm done. But don't let me keep you, Mister Tabnet; I'll just see Grace and be off. I know you don't want mothers-in-law hanging around, whatever their feelings might be. I'll just pop through and see Grace."

"You can't go in there just now," said Fred firmly, interposing his big body between his mother-in-law and the door.

"And why not? Will you stand between me and my own daughter?"

"Well, you won't find her in there just now," said Fred, hesitantly, "she's—she's gone out."

"All right, I believe you," said Mrs. Burstall, making it quite clear that she expected to find Grace immediately behind the door. "All the same I'll just put this packet down where she'll see it and if I can find my reducing herbs I'll take them back with me. I get them from a gipsy woman who comes round, and I'll be the size of a balloon if I don't take them regular."

VERY reluctantly Fred stood aside to let her pass and Mrs. Burstall vanished through the connecting door. He could feel his wife wriggling about in his pocket, so as soon as he was alone he bent down out of sight behind the counter and very gingerly lifted her out. He cupped his hand beneath her as soon as she was clear of his pocket and then set her down on a box of cream-laid envelopes, lowering his head to catch what she was saying.

"You great dolt, Fred," she cried. "If mother goes in there and sees my clothes, and the dinner half eaten, she'll wonder what on earth's happened. Oh, Fred, you've no right to upset mother so."

"Your mother'll be all right," said Fred, "she's tough enough to stand a few shocks. It's you I'm thinking of, and myself. Did you hear what she said about those herbs you stuffed the heart

with? Reducing herbs she said they were; poison to eat, she said, and given her by a gipsy. I wouldn't be surprised if the gipsies knew how to get you out of the fix you're in. Now if I could find some, maybe they could get us out of this fix. It isn't much use stopping here waiting, is it? What do you say? Shall we go and look for them as soon as your mother's gone?"

"What are you doing down there, Fred, mumbling to yourself behind the counter? Clean out of your mind I should say!"

Mrs. Burstall had come back to the shop unnoticed; and after giving Fred what he described afterwards as a very old-fashioned look, flounced out of the shop.

As soon as she was in the street Mrs. Burstall began to wonder where on earth Grace could have gone to, leaving her dinner half eaten on the table like that and her clothes all over the chair.

It was so puzzling that she needed some refreshment and somewhere to sit down and think things out. Possibly it was a coincidence that she was standing outside the "Blue Posts" at the time, waiting for her bus back.

She was no sooner settled comfortably at a table by the window with a draught stout in front of her than she became aware that the general conversation was not likely to add much to her peace of mind.

"Cut her up in small pieces, he did," said a large man in leggings, drinking a pint of bitter with unabated relish.

"And buried the pieces in his allotment," put in another.

"Told her relatives what was inquiring after her she'd gone away to stay with his aunt in Ireland," said the man behind the bar.

Had Fred an aunt in Ireland? Mrs.

Burstall asked herself anxiously, her imagination racing.

"Where he made his mistake," said the large man in leggings, "was with her clothes. He didn't hide none of her clothes."

"They all make some mistake," said the man behind the bar, polishing a glass. "You can't get away with murder."

Murder! The word rang through Mrs. Burstall's head. Was Fred's mistake with Grace's clothes, too? Suddenly she made up her mind; she would go back to Tabnet's and if Grace wasn't there she'd see if any of her clothes were missing. Then she'd go to the police.

As soon as his mother-in-law had left, Fred closed the shop and drew the blinds. He went round behind the mahogany counter and lifted his wife, concealed in the box of cream-laid envelopes, and put her on top.

"Shall we go and look for those gipsies?" he asked the little figure.

"If you think I'm traipsing round the country in your filthy old pocket, smelling of tobacco, you're mistaken. The best plan is to see if mother's gipsy can help."

"But that'll mean telling your mother," Fred objected.

"Of course we'll have to tell mother."

At that moment there was a knock. Opening the door an inch or two, Fred was surprised to see Mrs. Burstall. He slammed the door and hurried back to hide Grace under the counter.

"I'll try and break it to her gently," he promised.

He returned to find Mrs. Burstall eyeing him with undisguised hostility.

"Let me in, Fred Tabnet," she said belligerently.

"Certainly, mother," said Fred



by IAN FOX

### Danger: Spy At Work

THE OTHER DAY I was out for half an hour or so and, when I returned, I was surprised to find that a letter had appeared mysteriously on my desk. The envelope was pale blue and a faint perfume lingered round it, but it was marked "Top Secret" and heavily sealed with official seals. I levered it open and discovered that it was from Irma del Monico, the well-known international spy.

Here is what it said:

My darling Ian,—I am heartbroken, *mon cher*. Your great JOHN BULL is publishing articles on spies and no one has consulted me. *Madre*, it is *une scandale*! I could have told your author *toutes choses*.

★ ★ ★

You wonder how I know in advance that you publish these articles. Oh la la, it is *comme on tombe* off a log. All the newspaper executives are my friends, *bien entendu*. *Par exemple*, on Victory Day the proprietor of the—but perhaps I do not tell you which paper—sent me a beautiful Union

Jack with my name embroidered on it in platinum wire.

They love me just like all the statesmen and generals and diplomats, except that, *mio caro*, the newspaper men are—how you say?—more hard cooked.

I have just returned from Paris, where I have bought *ein wunderschön* mink coat. *Es war* a present from a darling Russian for whom I did *un petit travail*. Such an easy job, too, only a few hours. All he wanted was the *haut secret* of the germ-bomb.

And only twenty-four hours later I entertained a *carrissimo* South American agent. When I tangoed with him I easily sold him the same secret for a few million pesos and a large piece of Argentine meat. With the meat I shall hold a feast for a high representative of you lovely British, and then, *quien sabe*? perhaps he will buy the secret, too.

★ ★ ★

But, *hélas*, I have not had so much excitement in peace as in war. I look back longingly on the time when I was dropped by parachute into Berlin and took photographs of Hitler's intuition with a camera concealed in my garter. But there was a *moment difficile* when Adolf wanted to remove the garter as a keepsake.

And then—ah, those days—there was that exciting journey when I carried untouched across five frontiers the highest secrets of an embassy. The darling officials who sent me jokingly nicknamed me "The Diplomatic Bag."

Ah well! I must leave you, *cheri*, to go to buy a new supply of the truth drug, as I have a foreign envoy who is *très* dodgy coming for cocktails. All my love,—IRMA.

pleasantly, remembering his wife's instructions. He even managed a smile.

This unexpected civility confirmed Mrs. Burstall's worst suspicions. Something had happened to Grace.

As she preceded him through the shop an awful thought struck her: perhaps Fred was planning to murder her, too!

In her dismay she stopped suddenly. Fred bumped into her from behind. Involuntarily she let out a scream and clapped her hand over her mouth to stifle it. She must keep her head.

"I hope I didn't hurt you, mother?"

"No, Fred, it gave me a bit of a turn, that's all. It's very dark in here with the blinds down; couldn't we have them up? The shop should be open now, you know, or the neighbours'll be wondering what's happened."

"Let 'em," Fred said, "they'll never guess."

The smile was slowly disappearing. He's done her in, thought Mrs. Burstall, and I'll be next!

"As a matter of fact," said Fred, "there's been a bit of an accident."

Mrs. Burstall opened her mouth to scream.

"Something," went on Fred remorselessly, "has happened to Grace."

"OW!" Mrs. Burstall, with a gasping sigh, slid unconscious to the floor.

Fred stared helplessly and went round behind the mahogany counter to consult Grace who had managed to hear and to see all that went on through the glass panel in the front.

But Mrs. Burstall was already stirring. She awoke to find Fred just about to throw a bucket of water over her.

"What happened?" she asked faintly.

"You took a k.o.," Fred said, "when I told you something had happened to Grace. It's all right, she's not dead or anything. It's something rather peculiar."

"Yes, Fred?"

"She's shrunk," he said.

Mrs. Burstall sat up.

"Shrunk?"

"Yes. You'd better see her." Fred dangled Grace before her astonished eyes.

Mrs. Burstall promptly fainted again. When she had revived sufficiently Fred explained all that had happened.

"To think that this should happen to a daughter of mine," moaned Mrs. Burstall. "A midget!"

And scrambling to her feet she hurried out of the shop.

THE unexpected closing of the Tabnet shop at the briskest period of the day, and the commotion that appeared to have gone on inside it, coupled with Mrs. Burstall's hasty exit, had already caused some stir among the neighbours; and Fred, guessing that this had occurred, thought that the best way of quieting them was to open the shop as usual and to parry any questions.

As soon as he had pulled up the blinds and opened the door, one after another they found some excuse to call. Fred had never done such brisk trade in pencils, packets of envelopes, string and ink as he did that afternoon.

Questions there were, of course, but Fred managed to cope with them and nobody went out much the wiser.

Fred had been compelled to take Grace from her hiding-place under the counter for fear of discovery. He dared not leave her alone in one of the upstairs rooms lest a bird or the cat might get her. One sniff from a too-curious dog had been enough to terrify her.

Such was the flow of customers that Fred eventually had to hustle them out and bolt the door behind them.

When he'd pulled the blinds, he sat down wearily and pulled Grace out of his pocket and put her on the counter.

Grace was utterly tired out, and looked it. So Fred reached up to the top shelf for a doll's bed which had remained

unsold since last Christmas, dusted it carefully, and put it on the counter beside Grace.

Grace looked at the doll's bed and burst into tears.

"Better have a bit of a rest, dear," he said.

"Oh, Fred!" Grace sobbed.

But Grace had hardly settled herself on the bed when Mrs. Burstall returned.

"Hullo, mother," Fred said, as cordially as he could. "Any luck?"

"I don't know," said his mother-in-law, "but we'll give it a go and see. When the gipsy gave me those herbs, she was sort of doubtful about me taking them myself. She said she never gave enough for more than one bath at a time like, but she said that if I reduced too much I could always put a bit back by eating this. So we'll give Grace a taste and see what happens."

She showed him a bunch of dried herbs which were more like seaweed than anything. A few minutes later she emerged from the kitchen with a bowl filled with what looked like parsley sauce, and a salt spoon.

"Come on Grace," she coaxed, "I've got something here that may do you a bit of good." And she began to feed her the mixture.

Almost immediately things started to happen.

Grace sprang up before their eyes. Fortunately she was on the mahogany counter, for the glass one would have cracked under her weight; as it was, the doll's bed on which she was sitting when she started taking the antidote soon collapsed under the strain.

To Grace it appeared as if everything was growing smaller: the vast cavern of the shop was shrinking rapidly to normal size; the gigantic figures of Fred and her mother no longer seemed so huge; the cat, lying watchful in a corner, was now no hideous menace.

Naturally enough, Fred's handkerchief, with which Grace had been decently covered, did not increase in size and soon fell unnoticed to the ground.

So relieved were all three of them when Grace reached her normal size and stopped growing, that no one seemed to find anything remarkable in the spectacle of a full-grown woman standing completely nude on the counter of a stationer's shop. It was Fred who first became conscious of it.

"Hadden't you better get some clothes on, Grace," he said, breaking into the chorus of self-congratulation which was going on.

"Oh! Look at me!" cried Grace; though what she meant was the exact opposite. She flung herself off the counter and through the connecting door. As soon as the door had closed behind her Fred saw the chance of a life-time and took it.

He faced his mother-in-law sternly.

"I don't know what you were up to," he said, "but don't for one moment believe that I think this was an accident, because I don't. Anyway, if a word of this gets out; if you start gossiping, I'll put the police on to you, and sue you for damages as well, you old witch. Get out and STAY OUT!"

So some good came out of the affair after all. Mother-in-law trouble was a thing of the past for Fred Tabnet, and if Grace ever wonders why her mother seldom comes over now, she accepts Mrs. Burstall's explanation that it's too far to come for a woman with a heart.

Fred, of course, pretends to think that she knew he would eat the greater portion of the stuffed heart and that the herbs were meant to reduce him quite out of existence.

No one would have heard anything about an antidote then, he says.

Still, it might have been an accident; queer things do happen, even nowadays.



Near Arnhem a Dutch housewife tends the grave of an unknown British soldier

## FOR THOSE WHO WAIT

**I**N HER TRIM, ivy-grown Derbyshire home, a grey-haired woman awaits the return of her only son who, at the start of the war, went down to the sea in a fighting ship.

She has been waiting a long time now—four years, to be exact—but she still believes that one day the front door will open and in will walk her boy.

In 1942 the ship in which he was serving was sunk by enemy action. Soon afterwards the Admiralty notified the mother that her son was missing, but since then she has heard nothing.

Four years of silence, without letter or word, have not broken her faith that somewhere her son is safe.

Every so often she gets out his civilian clothes and presses them, so that they will be ready for him.

The bitter truth—the truth that scarcely needs telling—is that this mother's boy will never come back. He died with his ship in the vast grey Atlantic, helping to make the oceans safe for our convoys.

This is apparent to everyone except that one poor soul who prays each night that the next day will bring back her son.

It will be with a wretched bitterness of heart that she will one day demand to know: "Why wasn't I told before?"

### Pathetic Cases

There are thousands facing the same doubt as that Derbyshire mother. Day by day—week in, week out—newspapers all over the country are inundated with requests from relatives to publish appeals for information concerning missing men.

As a reporter (and I have been demobilized from the Army less than a year), I have handled a large number of these cases—pathetic cases, obviously without a vestige of hope, where relatives refuse to resign themselves to the inevitable because their menfolk are still only "missing"—officially.

I know parents whose son was reported missing in the evacuation from Greece and later believed killed. Then a doubt arose. The Army authorities suddenly called for any information concerning him and, ever since, the parents have refused to believe him dead. But they have heard nothing further.

I know a wife who believes that, somewhere, her R.A.F. husband is still living. He was one of the crew of a Lancaster bomber that attacked targets in Cologne in April, 1944. The bomber crashed and five of the crew were found—dead. But this woman's husband was not found.

I know a wife who thinks her husband, missing in Italy since late 1943, may be suffering from loss of

**An ex-Serviceman writes on the sad problem of the many relatives who await news—ANY news—of the "missing"**

**by DON DIBBEN**

memory—and that this is why she has heard nothing since.

In one astonishing case the thirty-four years old corporal, husband of a Sheffield wife, ordered to return one hundred yards along a track in northern Burma to recover ammunition from a mule that had fallen sick, vanished absolutely and without subsequent trace.

The wife was duly notified by the War Office that her husband was missing. A short time afterwards she received letters of condolence from two officers in her husband's company.

Yet, fifteen months later, she still had not been notified, officially, of his death.

I advised her to write to the War Office mentioning the officers' letters. A fortnight later along came the official notification, informing her that her husband had been killed in action.

Relatives build their hopes on all manner of possible explanations. That their menfolk have been taken prisoner and have yet to be accounted for; that they have deserted and are somewhere in hiding; or that they are in hospital too ill to write.

The fact that men are erroneously reported missing or killed, a fact universally known, is another strong source of hope.

Such mistakes, which rarely happen, are both inevitable and forgivable.

But, say the relatives of the "missing," the agony of prolonged waiting for news—often as much as two, three, four and five years—is not forgivable.

One wife told me: "I could bear to hear the worst, if only I could be told what happened. Whether he suffered, how and where he died. But I know nothing. *Nothing!* In my heart I know I shall never see him again. Yet, foolishly, I suppose, I still go on hoping he is coming back to me. *It is so unkind, all this. . .*"

That, then, is the position, as seen through the eyes of those most intimately concerned, the relatives of the missing men. It is all too natural that they should be bewildered by the lack of information.

What is the answer?

A thorough inquiry makes it my duty to report that the Service departments

concerned—and this has been true, in general, all through the war—are facing with exceptional care one of the saddest problems that could confront them.

It is a problem that balances between false hopes and the meticulous consideration that must be given before a brave man, missing under circumstances that leave only slender doubt, can definitely be said to be dead.

False hopes have been cruelly inspired by recurrent reports from Poland that men belonging to the British Armed Forces are still being found in prison and slave labour camps.

Every rumour of the kind has been sifted to its source by the British Foreign Office and the Service departments, but all of them have been definitely established as untrue. Their origin has almost always been traced to imposture by Nazis guilty of war crimes who attempt to "conceal" themselves among war prisoners.

Another difficulty which confronts the authorities is that so many next-of-kin have death-condolence letters from chaplains or other war comrades.

Absence of official information does not mean, I am afraid, that there is always hope that the men may be still alive. Few of the letter-writers may even have witnessed the actual incident in which the man was lost.

The facts are plain.

The apparent reluctance of the Casualty Branches to confirm death is wholly due to the fact that they cannot obtain direct or definite evidence. They hesitate, often, because of the legal consequences involved in every death notification. And that is understandable enough.

### Teams of Searchers

The Admiralty has been able to prove the death of practically all missing Navy personnel. In every land theatre of war or in territory formerly occupied by the enemy the War Office and Air Ministry have specially-selected teams of searchers probing the circumstances in which men still listed as missing met their fate.

The measure of success already achieved in this compassionate world-wide task is that six months ago there were 9,700 officers and other ranks unaccounted for in the Far East war zone alone; this month the total for all theatres from France to South-East Asia has been reduced to 6,214.

Let it be borne in mind, however, that the global search has not brought back a man from the grave. That cannot happen.

It will continue until all hope must be abandoned, but the only results in almost every case will be to establish that death took place, to discover some details of the manner in which the gallant men died and, very often, to locate their resting places.

This is the sad reality.

And yet, because of the thousands still involved, I wish that some system of interim notification could be devised by the Service departments—even if this were only a yearly note which read: "*We regret to inform you that there is still no news. . . . Extensive inquiries continue to be carried out, but the passing of yet another year makes the confirmation of this soldier's fate still more uncertain. . . .*"

Something of that nature would help to reconcile the man's relatives to whatever final news emerged.

And this would be better, at any rate, than the lack of communication which at present balances them between false hope and black despair.

# Free Speech

## WHY WE'RE SHORT OF SOLDIERS

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of the Government's recruiting campaign filled me with disgust. In the Army, the dullest of us could foresee the shortage of officers and men twelve months ago. Many of us then waited for a Government announcement of an acceptable scheme under which we could make the Army our career.

Instead, we heard that we could sign on for another one or two years. It is not surprising that there was a poor response to that offer. A young man aged about thirty did not want to miss bright opportunities of immediate civilian occupation for doubtful prospects when he would be two years older. He took his release—and the country lost many well-trained, experienced soldiers who might have been retained.

What happens? We get recruiting drives and I think they do not achieve much. Men who are attracted will be raw and in need of long and expensive training before they can pull their weight.

Surely all this shows muddle and short-sightedness?—LT.-COLONEL B. A. STAPLETON, O.B.E., M.C., Hall Road, Wilmslow, Cheshire.

### Horns of Dilemma

IT IS UNIVERSALLY BELIEVED that women cannot use tools as well as men. We moved into a flat some years



"Tried to take them down"

ago and my wife fixed some reindeer antlers up in the hall.

When we left the flat I tried to take them down. So did the removal men. When a carpenter was called in, he said that, unless we wanted to take away the wooden panel from the hall as well, we had better leave the antlers for the incoming tenants. — G. H., Cheyne House, E.C.2.

### Elected, Forgotten

THE OTHER DAY I asked twelve of my friends, separately, to tell me the name of the man they had voted for at the General Election. Not one remembered.

Is this sort of detached interest likely to advance national well-being, or is it merely typical of our age?—D. H. BRADBURY, Warwickshire.

### Tale of a Mirror

FIFTEEN YEARS AGO I bought a small mirror. It was old and shabby and cost three-and-sixpence. A few years ago, a dealer allowed me a shilling for it. He did it up and sold it for thirty shillings.

Yesterday I saw it in the window of another shop. The price ticket read forty-five shillings. I pity folk who have to furnish houses in these days.—MRS. C., Middlesex. (Name and address enclosed.)

### Here is a Gentleman

I GAVE A WELL-TO-DO FRIEND, who had done me a very good turn, a bottle of whisky for which I paid "over the odds." Soon afterwards I received an anonymous postal order which puzzled me.

Then, one day, I discovered that my friend knew the man from whom I had bought the whisky. I realized who had

Do you remember your M.P.? • Reflections on a mirror • Gentle reproof • Readers help a reader • Gesture to the Chancellor • Way to get eggs • Cheerfulness and Christianity

sent the postal order: it represented the difference between the proper price and what I had paid. My friend had made the nicest gesture I have ever known. He had accepted my gift but had administered a quiet reproof.—WORKER, Liverpool. (Name and address enclosed.)

### Thanks—By Gaslight

WOULD YOU PLEASE CONVEY my thanks to numerous readers who, since you published my letter about the terrible shortage of gas mantles, have sent me sixty-nine assorted mantles, a proposal of marriage, a warning about begging and stealing, some religious booklets and dozens of letters with kind offers of help in my mantle-less condition.—L. BIGNELL, 45 Asplins Way, Tottenham, N.17.

### Allotment Dilemma

AFTER SPENDING MOST of my spare time on my allotment, it looks as though my labour will cause me to go short of several things.

The greengrocer will not let me have any tomatoes because I do not buy my lettuces from him. When fruit comes in, I shall find that I cannot buy any because I don't get my vegetables from him.—V. S., Rochdale. (Name and address enclosed.)

### Going Halves

I AM SEVENTY-TWO and a supplementary pensioner. After a polite visit from the pensions officer, I have been granted an increase of sixpence a week. Should

this and similar increases embarrass the Chancellor of the Exchequer in any way, I would like to tell him that I am giving part of it back again by having one glass of ale weekly.—J. BUTTER, Birmingham. (Address enclosed.)

### Suitless, Almost Speechless

I WAS DEMOBbed ON December 21, 1945. When the Civilian Clothing Depot was unable to supply either suit or hat. Full particulars were taken and I was told that the articles would be forwarded.

In February, 1946, the suit and hat arrived. The suit was too big, and the hat practically rested on my shoulders.

June, 1946: Reply still awaited to a letter of protest sent off in April.—R. SAvIKER (ex-C.S.M.), 33 Brook Road, Camberley, Surrey.

### Praise for Pullets

WE HAVE HAD 1,284 eggs from ten pullets in nine months. The birds have been fed solely on domestic scraps and the meal allowance and have had no extra corn. If every householder with a reasonable garden would go to the trouble of keeping at least four birds, those in industrial areas without any ground would be able to get more eggs.—MRS. ELSIE HARRISON, 23 Pilford Avenue, Cheltenham, Glos.

### Bad Shot

I AM VERY SUPERSTITIOUS, and for years kept on my desk a largish stone with a hole in it, a rabbit's foot

and a piece of coal. I considered these luck-bringers. My partner always thought they were a nuisance.

To please him, I picked the things up one day and threw them out into the street. The stone hit a man who was looking into the shop window underneath and smashed his glasses. I now have to pay for the damage.—H. BERRYWOOD, 26 Foundry Lane, Millbrook, Hampshire.

### Good Samaritan

WHILE WORKING ON THE ROOF of a military hospital I fell and injured myself. I was taken into the surgical ward and a few days later a woman welfare worker came round visiting the patients.

She stopped by my bed, put fifty cigarettes on my locker and asked me where I had been wounded. I explained



"A disappointed 'Oh'"

that I was not a soldier but a labourer who had had an accident. She uttered a disappointed "Oh," and passed on, taking the cigarettes with her.—E. ALLEN, 297 Shirley Road, Shirley, Hampshire.

### Oxford on Politeness

WHILE YOUR CONTRIBUTOR, Herbert Hodge, remarks that we have a natural talent for good manners, it is distressing to find so many letters, especially from ex-Servicemen, showing that it is a somewhat hidden talent at the moment.

Cheerfulness and a sense of humour redeemed many a situation during the war, and it is a pity that the qualities are not more cultivated in peace-time. Happiness is an outward and visible sign that there is true beauty within. Sydney Smith spoke a great truth when he said that cheerfulness is nine-tenths of Christianity.—D. J. T., Oriel College, Oxford.

### Cross Words

IT IS STILL PRACTICALLY impossible to buy an English dictionary. Are we becoming more pedantic, or have our many permanent visitors bought up the supply?—R. MURRAY, 52 Review Road, Crickwood, N.W.2.

### Match This

I WORK IN A LIMESTONE QUARRY as a popper. My job is to drill large stones, charge the hole with explosive, set a fuse and fire it. Naturally, I use a lot of matches and the firm supplies me with a box a week.

This last week I had to lose a day through illness. When I drew my matches the foreman took ten out—the ones I should have needed if I had been at work.—"POPPER." (Name and address enclosed.)

LETTERS intended for this page should be marked "Free Speech." One guinea will be paid as an acknowledgment for every reader's letter or extract published. Full name and address must be given (though not necessarily for publication). Please keep letters brief.



"Yes, we're still living with the wife's folks"

AKBAR

**They say the Empire is dead—**

**—it lives more gloriously than ever**

**L**ED BY WINSTON CHURCHILL, a one-time Liberal who should know better, the diehards have been busy telling the world that our Government, of men who helped the Tories, the Liberals and the rest of us to win the war, is selling out the British Commonwealth of Nations.

What out-of-date piffle they talk!

First there has been Egypt, and the Suez Canal, called by a national newspaper the "jugular vein of the British Empire."

On the decision to withdraw our troops from this independent kingdom, this newspaper moaned: "What frantic mood of self-destruction is moving us?"

Giving lip-service to UNO, the diehards sang a very different song when it came to Russian troops in that other independent kingdom, Persia!

Then India. The day after the British Government proclaimed what the Viceroy described as "the blueprint for freedom" for India's 400,000,000 people, a London evening paper said: "The liquidation of the Empire proceeds apace."

Referring to the great work done by our Cabinet Ministers in India, Churchill told the House of Commons that the Mission had acted with "a zeal that would be natural if it were to gain an Empire and not to cast it away."

### Never More Alive

In one important respect the diehards are dead right. You will notice that in each case I have quoted they spoke about the *Empire* being doomed.

It is not merely doomed: it is as dead as Queen Anne.

The British Commonwealth of free Nations, each, since the passing of the Statute of Westminster in 1926, entitled to leave the Commonwealth if and when it chooses, was never more alive than today. But the old Empire, the Empire of the diehards, came to an end forty years ago.

Winston Churchill should know, for he was present at the death-bed of British Imperialism.

It happened in 10 Downing Street, at a Cabinet meeting which Lloyd George long afterwards described as the most dramatic he had ever attended.

At the end of 1905, a thin, yellow-bearded man had come to England. He had been a commando leader in the bitter war waged for three years by the Boers against the whole might of Britain and the rest of the old Empire.

His name was Jan Christiaan Smuts, and he had come to London because of a most surprising thing that had happened to him three years before.

In a tent beside the Vaal River, at Vereeniging, Smuts had witnessed what looked to him and to the rest of the defeated Boer leaders to be the final, humiliating end of their long fight for freedom.

Then the astounding thing happened.

After the Boers had formally agreed to the terms of surrender, Kitchener, the stern British commander-in-chief, took Smuts by the shoulder and spoke to him.

"Smuts," said Kitchener, "there is something on my mind that I want to tell you. I can only give it to you as my opinion, but I believe that in two years' time a Liberal Government will be in power. And, if a Liberal Government comes into power, it may grant you a constitution for South Africa."

Kitchener proved correct. The Liberals did come into power, and so Smuts came to London. Going the rounds of the Cabinet, he talked with each Minister separately.

If they were really Liberals, they would give South Africa her freedom, argued Smuts. To be a Colony would not do: nothing short of Dominion status would work.

The Prime Minister, Campbell-Bannerman, was a



## IT'S A NEW SORT OF EMPIRE NOW by WILFRID WEBSTER

sincere, self-effacing man who believed in freedom for others as well as for ourselves. Lacking other grounds for criticism, the Tory diehards called him colourless. You might say he was the Attlee of his day.

When the Cabinet met, only Lloyd George and John Burns sided with Campbell-Bannerman in support of Smuts. "Wait-and-see" Asquith wanted all sorts of safeguards. So did Churchill. At the outset there seemed little prospect of freedom for South Africa, but, in a moving ten-minute speech, Campbell-Bannerman overcame all opposition and the way was made clear for South Africa to become a Dominion five years later.

How richly we have been repaid for this wise act of statesmanship!

As a world statesman, Smuts has been well called "a great rock in a weary world." A champion of the League of Nations, he signed the Treaty of Versailles under protest, knowing that in it lay the seeds of another war. Flying to San Francisco for the birth of UNO, he pleaded for real peace this time.

Twice he has rendered the Commonwealth incalculable service as war leader. In the first World War he sat in the British War Cabinet beside his former enemy, Milner. He planned the air

"We would surely have lost the second World War but for the help of Smuts and the South African nation" (Photograph by Karsh of Ottawa)

defence of London. He fathered the organization of the R.A.F.

As for the second World War, we would surely have lost it but for the help of Smuts and the South African nation which he led so ably. After the collapse of France, when the Mediterranean was closed to our shipping, it would have been quite impossible for us to have transported our armies to the East or Middle East had the South African ports been closed to us like those of Eire.

Fuel, food and water. The Union ports provided all three, not only for east-bound convoys but for those sailing back to Britain as well.

The average convoy coming into Capetown or Durban required, and always obtained, £100,000 worth of perishable foodstuffs.

South Africa was a fortress, an air training field and a huge base hospital. She was the repair shop and general outfitter of the Middle East Forces. From more than six hundred factories, many of them built for the war, she poured out shells, bombs, mortars and all kinds of munitions.

Boots, tunics, blankets, biscuits, orange juice, radios, range-finders—there was scarcely a limit to the Union's war production.

### Every One a Volunteer

Of the white population of two and a half millions, over 160,000 men and women joined the South African armed forces, and every one was a volunteer. In 1940, magnificently supported by their own air force, Springbok troops advanced 1,725 miles in fifty-three days from East Africa to win the race for Addis Ababa. They then fought all the way through the Western Desert to Italy.

More than half that splendid force were the direct descendants of the Boers who fought so bitterly against the old Empire. But they did not fight as Afrikaners; like their comrades of British stock, they were first and foremost South Africans.

Is it too much to hope that the free people of India will think of themselves first, not as Hindus or Moslems, but as Indians?

Certainly the divisions in India are far deeper and more complex than those in South Africa ever were and, as Lord Wavell has said, a considerable change of outlook is required from the leaders of all the Indian parties.

The risk run in granting complete, immediate self-government is immense. If India were to leave it, the British Commonwealth would lose a quarter of its population.

Nor are Britain and India the only nations involved. The outcome of our Government's proposals affects the whole section of the earth between the Eastern Mediterranean and the China Sea, and, less directly, the rest of the world.

But great risks were also run with South Africa. Rebellion broke out in 1939, and only by eighty votes to sixty-seven did the South African Parliament decide to come into the war.

In the end results have more than justified those risks. South African home politics will always be acrimonious, but they have a saying in Afrikaans: "The dogs bark, but the caravan moves on."

The Union of South Africa will, I am sure, move on in partnership with the rest of the Commonwealth.

The diehard way with India could only have led to ruin, and an uprising compared with which the Mutiny was a picnic. As it is, the British Government can tell the Indian people truthfully: "We look forward with you to your ever-increasing prosperity among the greatest nations of the world."

## WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 93 Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Personal problems should be sent to "Humanist" at the same address. Stamp for reply, please

## Expiry of Court Order

WE HAVE BEEN GIVEN a Court Order to quit this house. If we still are without another home on the date the Order expires, can we be turned out?

You may apply for an extension of time if you can show that you have made reasonable efforts to find another house without success. Application should be made in good time in view of the possibility of a refusal, in which case you will have to leave.

## Settling in Rhodesia

MY BROTHER in Southern Rhodesia has asked me to join him early next year. I am anxious to make arrangements as soon as possible. Can you give me some advice?

You are not likely to experience much difficulty in obtaining entry into Southern Rhodesia if you have a brother there. Application must be made to the offices of the High Commissioner for Southern Rhodesia (Settlers' Officer), 429 Strand, London, W.C.2. A reply is likely to take about four weeks.

## Still Paying Insurance

I HAVE BEEN SUPERANNUATED since 1940 but am still paying unemployment insurance. I am told that I shall have to keep on doing so until the new National Health scheme begins to operate. Is this correct?

Unemployment contributions are payable by you because you have not been identified under a certificate of exception, and, until you are so identified, you will have to keep on paying.

During the war the rule about identification of persons under certificates of exception was suspended and still remains so.

## "Tenant at Will"

AS A RESULT of my brother's being gassed and shell-shocked in the first World War, a generous person has allowed him to live rent-free in a cottage. This benefactor has died and his son wants the cottage. My brother has been told to clear out. Can he be compelled to leave?

It seems rough on your brother, but he appears to be what is termed a "tenant at will." As such he may be obliged to quit on expiry of proper notice.

## Widow's Tax

HERE ARE THREE QUESTIONS on income tax. Is a widow taxed as a single person? For tax purposes, if her husband was reported 'missing, believed killed' two years ago, can she be considered a widow? Is a bachelor with 100 per cent disability pension able to claim an allowance for a housekeeper?

A widow is taxed as a single person. A woman whose husband has been missing for two years is taxed as a single person whether she regards herself as a widow or not. A bachelor cannot claim

income tax allowance for a housekeeper unless there are children, for example, young sisters and brothers under sixteen, in his care.

## Change of Job

I AM A FARM WORKER, aged thirty. Am I allowed to change my occupation? I have been offered the job as manager of the local agricultural co-operative society, which deals with farm requirements.

You will have to obtain permission of the local Employment Exchange to enter the employment you mention. As you are under thirty-one years of age the issue of an introduction card will be necessary.

## Payment of Duty

RECENTLY MY DAUGHTER SAILED for America and left several articles of clothing behind. If I send them to her will she have to pay duty on them?

Articles of personal clothing sent to your daughter in the U.S.A. will not be dutiable. When they arrive in America she will have to appear at the Customs Office and make a declaration that they are her private property.

## Travel to Italy

MY FIANCEE IN ITALY has sent for me to go there to get married as soon as it can be arranged. Is it possible? What permits are needed and how do I travel?

First of all you will need a passport and also a visa. You should apply for the passport to the Passport Office, Queen Anne's Gate Buildings, London, S.W.1, and for the visa to the Italian Government's representative, 14 Three Kings' Yard, London, W.1. The procedure will take at least three months.

There is neither air nor sea transport to Italy, but it is possible to travel by train to Rome via Paris.

## Tracing Ancestors

MY GRANDFATHER was supposed to be a descendant of an earl. How can I find out more about this relationship?

If you get in touch with the Society of Genealogists, Chaucer House, Malet Place, London, W.C.1, supplying as many details as possible about your forbears, they may be able to assist you.

## FOR YOUR PROTECTION

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader Comprehensive Household Benefits including protection against loss by FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, LIGHTNING, BURGLARY, etc.

Registration forms can be obtained from JOHN BULL Insurance Dept., 128 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

**RULES** 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to John Bull, cross & Co. /, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted only on condition that results of this week's Contests in *John Bull* dated July 27, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

## XWORD 484 RESULT

**WINNING WORDS, ACROSS:** 1. Sulks. 4. Fable. 5. Cox. 6. Wand. 8. Stir. 10. Haste. 11. Ball. 13. Cress. **DOWN:** 1. Slacks. 2. Saint. 3. Years. 7. Sheep. 9. Cares or Wares. 11. Boa or Box. 12. Run. 100 **OUTRIGHT WINNER:** L. Coyde, 136 Riverway, Christchurch, Hants. Runners-up Award (value £25 cash) shared between 36 entrants. Winner and Runners-up receive 4 lb. Fruit Cakes in addition.

## XWORD CASH AND CAKES

Up to 100 big 4 lb. Fruit Cakes for Crosswords. They're added to all prizes of 5s. and over in this week's offer of Cash and Cakes—£100 First and £25 Cash for Runners-up.

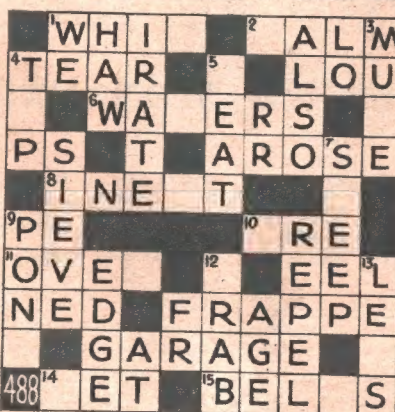
Post your Square below by Monday, July 8.

## Across Clues.

- Must seem very capricious at times
- Likely to have soothing effect on player who's been ruffled
- Leader who constantly does this may not inspire confidence
- It's bad to have such a forward on the wing
- Can melt with surprising suddenness
- Getting whole side in one sounds impossible feat
- One on racecourse isn't likely to make much money
- Can be used to convey a number of things

## Down Clues.

- It's unwise for accused person to become this in the dock
- Certain trees it is best to
- Vigorous political campaign might possibly lead to increased this
- Occasional threat to tired motorist on road
- You probably won't call it this if it's beyond a certain size
- One nipping your foot is no joke
- As a rule seaside landlady isn't satisfied with



## How To Enter This Coupon.

Complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues above. Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entry constitutes agreement to Rules.

For this one Square, enclose P.O. or stamps value 6d. to cover also cost of printing, dispatch and posting to you of *John Bull's* interesting and helpful *Crossword Gazette* dated July 20. If no *Gazette* required, one additional plain-paper set of Answers allowed.

I enclose 6d. P.O. Closing Postmark, MON., JULY 8

No. 488

Signed.....

Address.....

Follow them to the Sea!

"An unforgettable holiday—a whole glorious, carefree week, with not a dull moment. And what a break for Mother—no cooking, no housework, no queuing!" Thus reader C. V. Evans, South Harrow, sums up the Free Week's Holiday won in a recent *Bullets* Contest. Our picture shows him with his wife and daughter at Sandown, where they stayed as *John Bull's* guests.

There is still time for you to win your way to the sea. Enter the coupon from this page by Monday, July 8—and a £250 cheque and Free Summer Holiday can be your reward.

## HOLIDAY WINNERS—"BULLETS" 1,532

FIRST PRIZE, £250 and Holiday:

G. W. EVANSON,

13 Barlow Hall Road, Chorlton-cum-Hardy, Manchester: Empire Family—Never "Turned To" Vainly.

SECOND PRIZE, £50 and Holiday: H. Lee, 3 Johns Avenue, Lofthouse, near Wakefield: Baby's Eyes—"Stars" That Look Up.

THIRD PRIZE, £25 and Holiday: F. J. Bowers, 474 Pleck Road, Walsall: Seaside Romance—Made "Holiday Of Lifetime."

FOURTH PRIZE, £20 and Holiday: S. H. Carson, 89 West Bawtry Road, Canklow, near Rotherham: Empire Family—Handful, But "Basketful" Helpful. FIFTH PRIZE, £15 and Holiday: Miss P. M. Albin, 20 The Fairway, Northwood: Waste Of Coal—But Lump "Electrified" Tomcats!

10 WINNERS: R. W. Bonner, 22 Birchall Road, Rushden: What The Doctor Said—Laughable—"Avoid Starchy Food!" W. H. Cowmeadow, 13 Christchurch Street, Cambridge: Baby's One—Today—So Are We!

11 Dilley, 69 Abbey Road, Northampton: With Radio On—Sonny Does Piano Practice! T. A. Evans, 58 Bailey Street, Ton-Pentre, Rhondda: Concession For The Visitors—Hotel "Don'ts," Seven Languages! G. Gray, c/o 33 Great King Street, Edinburgh: Prophet Of Gloom—Since Dispersing Safety First, So—Everything's "Passed Him By." Mrs. A. Potter, c/o 17 Colebrook Lane, Cullompton: With Scientists On—Once, Reason Moon Uninhabited? Capt. T. Prentice, Elmleigh, Harlestone Road, Northampton: Nervous Week—Slug Grandpa's Been Stalking!

50 Prizes of £1 and 1,500 New Prizes have been posted to winners.

"BULLETS" CHEQUES AND SEASIDE WEEKS

To Win In "Bullets."

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. To use an incomplete Example from end of list, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Prizes for 1,563 Readers.

£250 plus Holiday; £50 plus Holiday; £25 plus Holiday; £20 plus Holiday; £15 plus Holiday; 8 Holiday Prizes of £10; 50 of £1; 1,500 new prizes.

Note:—Holiday Prize consists of week's free Hotel Accommodation for Two, arranged at Seaside Resort of your choice by Cook's Travel Service.

Add Two, Three or Four Words to any of these "Examples"

PATIENT BRITANNIA  
WAY TO GET PEACE  
GONE FOR EVER  
MORE AUSTERITY  
OFFICIALLY  
JOB WELL DONE  
AFTER A HOLIDAY  
MY PAY PACKET  
NEW LEASE OF LIFE  
NEVER FAILS  
WITHOUT THINKING  
DAD'S AN OPTIMIST, SO  
SOMETHING CONCRETE  
WON'T COME OFF  
SEASIDE PALMIST

HOPELESSLY ENTANGLED  
FATE WAS KIND AND  
CAT NEXT DOOR  
RIPE OLD AGE  
BLESSING IN DISGUISE

Incomplete "Examples"  
See Instructions

ONE LITTLE .....  
BRIGHTER .....  
NOW THEY'RE .....  
TAKES A .....  
NOTHING TO .....  
WHERE ..... IS

ADDRESS ENTRY "BULLETS" 1,536 (or XWORD 488); "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (COMP.)

ENCLOSE 6d. for 2 "BULLETS"—1s. for 4—EXTRAS, SAME RATE

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

EXAMPLE

BULLET

For Holiday Offer "Bulletin" (July 20) enclose 2½d. std. add. envelope

1,536 Closing Postmark, MON., JULY 8 Signed .....

I agree to rules and enclose Address .....

P.O. value.....

No. ....

## WHAT EXPORTS MEAN TO US

The more we send abroad. . .



the more we can bring in . . .



Perhaps you are not in the export trade yourself, but it is important to you just the same. Exports pay for our tobacco, tea, coffee and oranges. They pay for all the cotton and nearly all the wool for our clothes. And they pay for most of the raw materials that keep our factories going. Our exports — the products of British machines and British craftsmanship — are the only way we have of paying for the things we can't produce here, on

our own small island. So be patient if we have to go short a bit longer while we get back the export trade upon which better times depend.

**FILL THE SHIPS**  
and we shall  
**FILL THE SHOPS**

*Issued by the Board of Trade*

**"A HEALTHY AND  
WELL-BALANCED AGRICULTURE"**

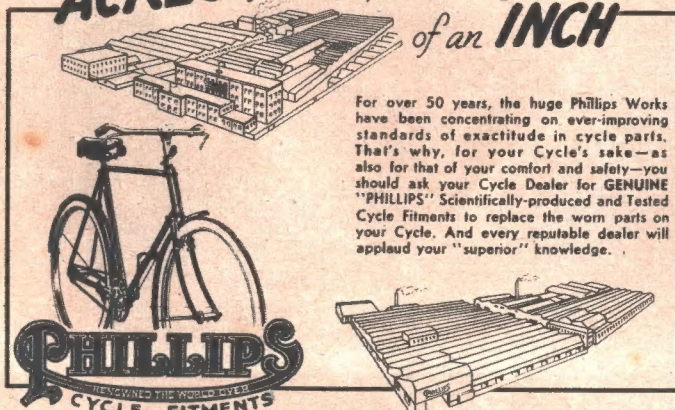
Never have a vigorous agriculture and the practice of good husbandry been so vital to national well-being as in recent critical years. They are no less important to-day and for the future.

The provision of seasonal and other credit is only one of many services that a modern bank can contribute to these ends, and a banking account forms an indispensable part of a progressive farmer's equipment.

The Manager of any branch of the Midland Bank will gladly explain to any farmer, market gardener or other participator in Britain's most extensive industry the manifold ways in which the operation of a banking account will help him.

**MIDLAND BANK LIMITED**

**ACRES of Factory Space working to Fractions  
of an INCH**



For over 50 years, the huge Phillips Works have been concentrating on ever-improving standards of exactitude in cycle parts. That's why, for your Cycle's sake — as also for that of your comfort and safety — you should ask your Cycle Dealer for GENUINE "PHILLIPS" Scientifically-produced and Tested Cycle Fitments to replace the worn parts on your Cycle. And every reputable dealer will applaud your "superior" knowledge.

J. A. PHILLIPS & Co. Ltd., CREDEDA WORKS, BIRMINGHAM

**Family Recipe  
for Summer Colds**

Here is a medicine mothers have been using for years to stop those horrid summer colds getting a chance to develop. It's so popular now that practically every chemist keeps it made up and ready for use.

It's known as the Parmint recipe, and one dose of this Parmint Syrup will prove how good it is.

It brings almost instant relief to trying coughs and sore throats, clears the head and makes you well in no time. It's grand for kiddies, too. They like the Parmint Flavour.

Be wise. Get a bottle of Parmint Syrup from your chemist today and keep it handy. 1/5 the bottle, Family size 2/10, including tax.

NOTE.—If through shortage of bottles your chemist is out of Parmint Syrup, get a 3/14 bottle of Parmint Concentrated Essences, and make it up yourself.

**WHY HEADACHES  
NEED A DOUBLE REMEDY**

If you find that you can't get rid of those headaches whatever you do, just try Propax Tablets. Propax is wonderful for bringing relief to all sorts of pain, because it is a combination of the two greatest and safest pain relievers, aspirin and phenacetin. They reinforce and complement each other in a way that no single drug can do, and they do not disturb heart or stomach. That is why Propax drives away pain so quickly — quicker than you ever dared to hope.

**PROPAX  
DOUBLE POWER  
TABLETS**

at all chemists and stores  
from 3/4d. to 2/6

**REALLY STOP PAIN**  
Splendor Ltd., London & Nottingham



**THE GIRL WHO  
FORGOT HER NOSE**

Once this girl could never forget her Nose. It bothered her day and night. It was stuffy, irritated and congested. She couldn't smell, couldn't even breathe through it. Her whole life was spoiled by nasal Catarrh. Then one day—quite suddenly—she forgot her Nose entirely. How? She just used 'Mentholum'. 'Mentholum' is a wonderful breathable balm. Apply it to the nostrils and rub it on the throat and chest. Relief comes at once. 'Mentholum' releases medicated, antiseptic vapours which circulate through the respiratory system, relieving mucus congestion, clearing the breathing passages and keeping them free from the distress of Catarrh and Colds. 'Mentholum' Balm in Jars and Tins 1/5 (inc. tax). Also in Liquid Form 1/5. Get some today!

**TIRED FEET?**

Hot, tired feet need the threefold comfort treatment:—  
A Cuticura Soap bath, Cuticura Ointment application, and Cuticura Talcum between the toes. Try it and know what real foot comfort is like.

264

**Cuticura  
OINTMENT**

**RIZLA News Bulletin**

**Ciga Announcement**

From the 1st June, 1946, the official price of Rizla Cigarette papers is:

**1 1/2d. per packet**  
(including Purchase Tax)

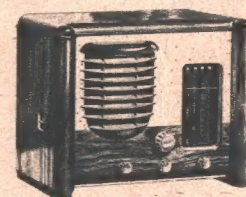
*saler for supplies.*

**IT'S THE  
SECOND YEAR  
THAT COUNTS**

New Radios don't usually go wrong but sometimes after the first year of use little faults may develop in the average set.

Sobell Radio is better than average and the makers have no hesitation in giving a full TWO YEARS' guarantee with every set. This guarantee means that if anything should need attention a Sobell engineer will come and do the job in your own home, entirely free of any cost.

Advt. of Sobell Industries Ltd.,  
Langley Park, Bucks.



Only by buying a Sobell can you get this unique ALL-IN Radio Service. Ask your Dealer to arrange a demonstration.

**SOBELL  
RADIO**

**ALL-IN SERVICE IN THE HOME**

**MILLIONS of RAZORS  
make hay of  
BILLIONS of BRISTLES  
per day**

thanks to this  
**SOFTENING SMOOTHING  
SOOTHING LATHER**



1/10 & 2/6 Including Tax

**Susan's vitality  
is amazing**

She puts such energy into her play and never seems to get tired. She's always so fit and happy.

Any mother would be proud of Susan's radiant good health and energy. Ever since she was quite a tiny tot any little stomach upsets have soon been corrected with 'California Syrup of Figs'.

When children are 'out of sorts' this natural laxative will regulate the system and put them right again.

**"California Syrup of Figs"**



Kell



# BIRD'S CUSTARD



BIRD'S CUSTARD AND JELLIES



*Famous for Fine Quality*



MAURICE BROWNFOOT



LIMITED SUPPLIES FROM FAMILY GROCERS

Snee's